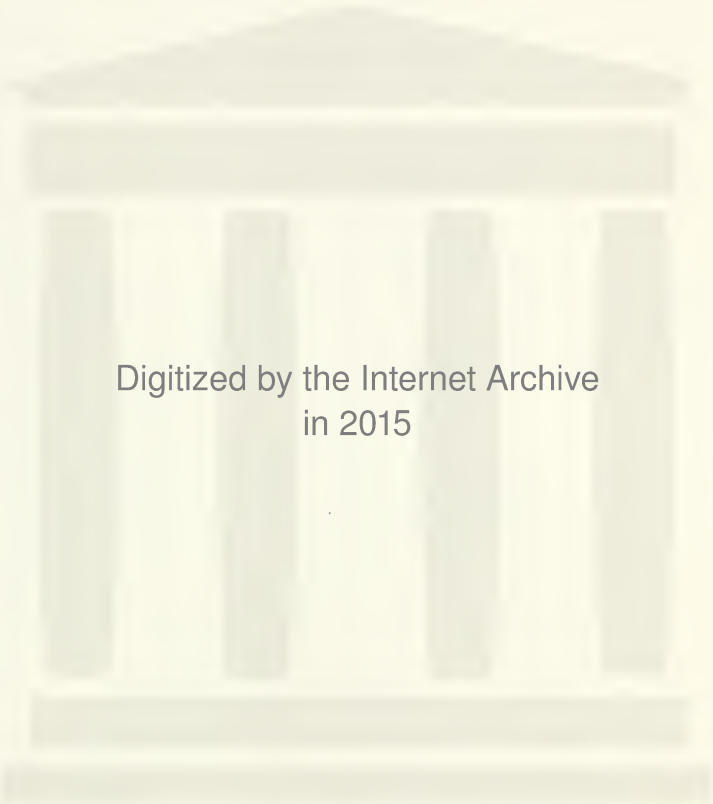
REC'D JUL 19 1974

This
Volume
is Complete.
C.P.J.


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/woffordcollegejo8619woff

THE JOURNAL

JOURNAL STAFF

Editor / Johnny James

Editorial Advisors / Tommy Carlisle
Lance Leonhirth
Clay Sherrill

Editorial Assistants / Bill Taylor
Colin Campbell
Scott Strickler

The **Journal** *is published four times during the academic year — in October, December, March and May — by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. The magazine is supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Mr. Frank Anderson is advisor.*

THE JOURNAL

CONTENTS OCTOBER 1973 VOL. LXXXVI No. 1

POETRY

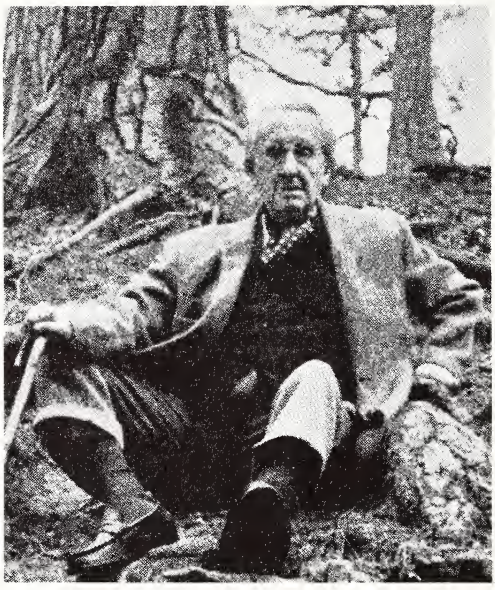
3	STANDBY FLIGHTS	Lance Leonhirth
5	TWILIGHT JOURNEY	Anon
	MEDITATIONS	Chessley Carlquit
12	HAIKU No. 9 + 1	M. R. Peel
	HAIKU No. 9	M. R. Peel
14	FAKE	E. Blaxton Mabry, Jr.
	FATE	E. Blaxton Mabry, Jr.
15	UNTITLED	Alan Steele
	GLASS STEPPING	Keith Walker
17	NEWELL ADDERHOLT WAS A TRUCK SLAVE	Keith Walker
18	ALICE	Anon
21	ABOARD THE SEA FAN II	Mark Reid
23	LAMENTATIONS IN THE DARK	Mark Reid
24	THE POND AT WHITMAN'S MILL	Alex Duthie

PROSE

1	ESSAY	Lance Leonhirth
8	CRAZY MAN'S YELL	Charlie Brookshire

ART

7	DRAWING	Walt King
16	DRAWING	Walt King
25	DRAWING	Walt King
	ETCHING	Tommy Carlisle
	COVER DESIGN	Bill Taylor
13	LINOCUT	David Culp
22	LINOCUT	David Culp
20	PHOTOGRAPH	Alan Steele
4	PHOTOGRAPH	Athan Kartsonis



To The Memory of J. R. R. Tolkien

Throughout recorded time men's imaginations have taken light to create supernatural phenomenae. Accordingly, these misty imaginings were written down, sometimes as part of religious texts. – the myths of various Greek gods – or as sheer entertainment. Tales of heros which may have started as factual accounts have come to fantasized romantasized proportions from being told and retold. It appears that perhaps people are unable to distinguish fantasy from reality – if indeed there is a difference.

Fantasy has not been confined to myths and literature of the past. All through the ages it has been recorded. It has served many purposes, political satire, moral tales, tales conscienciousness and conscience, and even stories for amusement.

Some of the better-known writers of the last one hundred and fifty years have not confined themselves to "serious" writing but have broadened the amount of fantastical literature. Rudyard Kipling and The Jungle Book, A. A. Milne the creator of Winnie the Pooh, C. L. Lewis who has written fantastical literature to demonstrate religious and moral teachings, The Screwtape Letters, The Great Divorce, and The Space Trilogy, are three of his better known works from his voluminious writings. There is the recently deceased J. R. R. Tolkien a great artist in the realm of fantasy becoming England's favorite writer with The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings. And let us not forget Lewis Carroll and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A realm of literature which has been considered "underground" is science-fiction, some outstanding writers in this field have been Jules Verne, Robert Heinlein, Robert DeLazny, Isaac Asimov, and Arthur C. Clarke.

Fantasy has been with us through the ages in literature which is bound as a book but the comparatively recent advent of comic books has brought fantasy to an even larger audience. The writings in comic books have always been fantastical, whether dealing with a pseudo-real life policeman Dick Tracy, or the wholly imagined Flash Gordon. Recently comic books have been admitted into the highbrow ranks of "serious" literacy endeavors. They have been declared as social commentaries. There are comic book collectors who are as avid in their pursuit as stamp and coin collectors. Comic books have come of age as the bread and butter of the children, adolescent, and college students of today helping to nurture the pop cultures.

Thus far only literature has been glanced at, but even before men could write using abstract symbols as an alphabet there was art. The beginning of fantasy in art is impossible to trace because of the limitlessness of man's mind. A well-known artist of the sixteenth century famous for his strange creatures and depiction of unusual situations is Hieronymus Bosch. Not the only art depicting fantasy from this period and earlier are the tapestries illustrating unicorn hunts. Moving

quickly to the present there are many popular artists today dealing with fantasy. Sarrealist painters like Magritte, Salvador Dali, and Juan Mira have become well-known for their abilities to look at the world through their dreams and imaginations.

Music has been an element in fantasy in connection with religious dramas. More recently it has been employed by serious composers: Mozart in The Magic Flute, and Ravel in The Mischievous Child both of which are operas. Many avant-guarde composers pounce on the technology of today to produce fantasy evoking music.

Popular musicians such as Bob Dylan and The Beatles have through use of nonsensical lyrics or unusual sound effects made fantasy a mass media rpoduct. More groups noted for their use of sound effects are Pink Floyd, Yes, and The Moody Blues.

Without doubt fantasy is a vehicle of today. Not only through the arts is it promoted but through such consumer goods as toothpaste and deodorants. Think nationally about a love affair with a "swell" Seven-Up bottle. Fantasy is as much a part of our lives as is the paper napkin (another manifestation of fantasy).

The cinema, a noted exporter of fantasy, is only second rate compared with the efforts of the airlines to let you fly "friendly skies" and McDonald's saying "you deserve a break today". Can there be an escape? I think not, for escape is the passion fantasy plays on, so as long as one participates in the illusion of enjoying life he is a product of fantasy and its effects. Others might judge fantasy as a problem, the inability to cope with the "real world", but of course the semantical question exists – what is the "real world" – if in fact (or fantasy) there is a "real world".

As this page is being read there is an engagement in fantasy. For these symbols called letters have no inherent meaning. And ideas are non-existent entities in the physical world. So everything which passes through the brain could be considered fantasy. One might protest that death is not fantasy, but how can it be considered real when life is fantasy. "Life is fantasy" appears to be a dogmatic statement, but think of something that you have done because it had meaning to you and you will find the meaning is subjective. A subjective reality can hardly be considered a universal truth. The holes in this argument will no doubt be found, but that just proves its fantasy. Everything can be shot through with holes, and what is a hole but nothing, a fantasy.

Last but not least in potency is the rise in drug use. Those used for medication, which induce the illusion of well-being, and the hallucinatory drugs.

"In Kanadu did Kibla Klan,
A stately pleasure dome decree . . ."

STAND-BY FLIGHTS

Now you're riding that man-made hurricane
back to your windy home beside the great lakes.
And again in two weeks or so you'll fly someotherwhere,
your good byes crying in the air as the last notes of Brahms.
You were a romantic at fifteen; van Eyke's child.

It's not fair
the way you catch the wind on summer nights
and glide back to your own familiar chair
although you insist on booking stand-by flights --
you have become the mistress of Fate.

The last time you cut your persian hair
you said, "It will always be long to me,
and while the darkness hung like spanish moss
you whispered – "Take care."
As if I were going somewhere.

I wanted to tell you lies about the lines in your hand
but the strength was not at my command.
Sit, walk, talk, stand – I limp even when I'm asleep.

O, I have not forgotten the tea we've taken
with honey spilling from our spoons
stirring in the cream,
clouds bursting from the bottoms of our cups.

Damn me – I keep returning
to the place you sat with me last
and still I find a pound of truth to prove
lightning never strikes the same place twice.

TWILIGHT JOURNEY

A small lonely silhouette appeared
On the horizon one of those dusky hours.
Alone, yet guided by a sure instinct
Of some home; flying onward,
Into the depths of air which are
Impenetrable to mortal eyes.
Gone.

MEDITATIONS

Sometimes I think there is someone
in the world who will become part of
my knowledge.
They will look into my eyes and
I will not be able to look away
I will be as a newly born entity
Every part of my concealment
Shall be stripped away and I shall
be naked in the cold light of
their perception. They will know
me without my telling it.
All the deep secrets will come
from the darkness and light up
The face of this person.
Their knowledge will no longer
be cold, but warm. Their perception
will turn to compassion
and if I can withstand the fear
and shock of opening my soul to this
person, I will find peace and Happiness

How will I know God
I think I see his face sometimes
I know I have heard his voice
If it is not so evil to look for
God in ourselves, then I say
God is in me and in you
I have known God in the eyes
of my companion.
God is in us all and we are
all ourselves. If I see God in your
eyes can you not see
Him in mine?

God is beautiful
and he makes us beautiful when we
know that he is indeed within us
We have seen people who are
so very conscious of God's
presence within
that they are entirely beautiful
as beings existing purely
and this beauty is overwhelming
so that we never notice they're
physical beauty but there is
only their eminent expressions
of Eternal Beauty
That lives and does not
Wither within as time drys
up and blows away.

CRAZY MAN'S YELL

"That's a strange sound." One of the girls said; and promptly pulled the blanket tighter around her neck, as if to protect herself from the chill.

Mike chuckled at the girl's observation. "It's Crazy Man's Yell. Famous around here – has its own little story."

The group had been hiking all afternoon and had stopped to camp on the side of a mountain, which formed one of the walls of an enclosed valley. They had prepared their supper, cleaned up in the dark, and were only now ready to relax.

The girl continued, "This place really has a weird atmosphere. That sound is going to be hard to sleep with. You were certainly correct about this place being inspiring, but it's not exactly what I had in mind, Mike."

"You should have made yourself clearer. You wanted a mood in which to write, I merely offered to take you where you wouldn't find anyone else – and what is more inspiring than the mountains and seclusion."

"I'm suddenly developing a deep respect for cities and people," concluded the third member of the party.

The sturdy outdoorsmen numbered three: Mike, the guide; Kay, the university's promising literary figure; and Marie, a friend of both who was to serve more as a referee than as a chaperone. It was now Marie who spoke, suggesting, "You could probably come with a real nice story about this Dead Man's Yell."

"Crazy Man's Yell, thank you. We're not sure he's dead." Mike's face became serious.

"That's just what I need to do, start writing ghost stories. Besides, it sounds like Mike here already has one. How about entertaining us with a ghost story about this Crazy Man? Marie looks pretty bored anyway."

"Sure, I'll be glad to," offered Mike. "But it might be confusing, so if you don't understand something, just ask."

"Oh, we will. We will!" promised Kay with a certain gleefulness.

"Gee, Kay, now I won't be able to sleep tonight."

"Marie, when was the last time you had trouble sleeping?" referring to her friend's usual tendency to sleep a large part of the day away. "Besides, with that hike behind us, we'll probably sleep till noon tomorrow." Turning to the patiently waiting storyteller, she paternally assured him, "Now you go ahead, Mikey, if you stop making sense, we'll stop you. Boy! we may not get anywhere."

Ignoring the humor made against him, the guide-turned-narrator began. "People that knew him are not sure if Crazy Man was insane or brilliant."

"That's almost as original a beginning as 'once upon a time'," interrupted Kay.

"Is there something you don't understand?"

"No. Sorry; go ahead."

"Thank you. About twenty years ago, our 'Man went to a large appliance manufacturer and offered to develop an oven which would cook in a fraction of the time an ordinary oven took. They didn't believe he could do it and wouldn't spend any money on the equipment he needed. No one else thought he could do it either."

"Excuse me. Ah, exactly how did he plan to do this. If you don't mind."

"He reasoned that if the food was cooked hotter, the chemical reactions would take place quicker."

"They'd also burn to a crisp."

"That was the problem he had overcome, he thought. When the atoms which make up food interact at a slower, that is cooler, pace, they form slightly different compounds than the very same atoms cooked at a hotter temperature. A big difference is that the higher temperatures seemed to involve more of the oxygen in the air and the foods oxidize, or burn. The basic problem would be twofold. One, you would need to control the atoms so that they would form the compounds that we normally get while keeping the much quicker reaction times of the very hot temperatures. Second, oxygen molecules would also have to be controlled."

"I think I agree with the appliance manufacturer."

"Question?" He stared Kay solemnly in the face.

"No; sorry."

"He found that certain variations on the use of electromagnetic fields would do the job. But no one would help him. He is said to have built one for himself which did not work, yet he claimed that he didn't have the resources necessary. He felt that someone more familiar with lenses could have helped him; but no one would."

"Lenses?"

This question brought irritation. "Yes, lenses."

"I don't remember any lenses being on my oven."

"He found out that if the electromagnetic field passed through special lenses, accompanied with electromagnetic waves, or sunlight, they would be affected and would in turn affect the atoms of the food. They would act as the catalyst which was needed."

"But he never actually succeeded in building one?"

"No."

"That's what I thought. Go ahead, this is better than I expected; which, of course, **wasn't** much."

"His study of optics and heat involved with the oven interested him even after he had dropped the idea of building a quick-cooking oven, due to lack of support. As he was studying lenses and the effects upon the sun's rays as they passed through lenses, he was struck with the possibilities of using the sun as a source for mechanical energy. It seemed reasonable to him that the harnessing of solar energy would be a welcomed technological advance."

"And what exactly was his method for changing solar energy into mechanical energy through the use of optical lenses, pray tell?"

"Well, actually, I suppose I meant to say electrical energy instead of mechanical energy, into which it can later be changed. But his method was much like the child's as he ignites a paper with the use of a magnifying glass. The energy of each ray is directed to one particular point, so that this point contains the energy of all the rays passing through it. This energy produces heat, and heat energy can be used in many ways. The way upon which the 'Man decided to concentrate his efforts was to use the heat to boil water. In other words, he decided to use a steam-powered electrical generator. He knew that to be of public benefit, he would have to have a large operation."

Kay broke in. "Now how on earth was he going to heat up enough H_20 to operate a generator?"

"By making it large, of course." Mike had unconsciously risen to his feet. "By making it large!" Marie rose to put a calming hand on him.

Kay kept on with "And just how large was our 'Man going to make this generator?"

"Large enough!" Mike was near yelling now. "Large enough to heat up all the water he needed."

Marie, disturbed at this outburst, pleaded, "Mike, calm down a little please. It's not important." Yet Mike continued.

"He was going to build it as large as it had to be built! That was why he needed the government's help. They were the only one's who could help him. It was too much for anyone else. But they wouldn't help him. They didn't believe him. The generator would have lasted practically forever, but the government didn't help! The solar generator would not have wasted any of the earth's resources, but the government couldn't risk hurting our top industries!"

In this short time he had worked himself up so he was shaking. Marie held his arm and pleaded, "Please calm down Mike, it's just a story. There's nothing you can do anyway, it's just a story. Please sit down."

Mike sat and bowed his head, his hands clasped and hanging limply between his knees. "I'm sorry." He rested as an old man would rest. "It's just a story. There's nothing I can do anyway." Marie and Kay silently looked at him, puzzled at his mood.

"After he couldn't get any help with his generator, he turned to his studies. No one knows how he earned his living, or got his food. Few saw him any more. His experiments with solar power continued. These introduced him to power in many forms and he tried many different things to increase power. Like Edison searching for a filament, he tried anything that might work.

"By an accident which could have killed him, he discovered some amplifying powers of his brain. It has something to do with brain waves of some sort. He experimented with sending different types of energy through his brain in different forms and found ways in which he could manipulate raw power. He waited to show his works to the world until after he had perfected them. He knew that his inventions could frighten the public, so he kept his secrecy until he knew he would do them no harm.

"But before he had finished his work on the amplification of power, he discovered a new type of power, one of which he had no familiarity at all. It had to do with his brain and was brought about by other, lesser, forms of power surging among his brain waves. The discovery was a wonder much like finding a fourth dimension. It didn't relate directly to the world like the other powers but contained itself to a new dimension of the universe.

"It was a psychic power which we seldom consider, or at least understand. It would surge around his brain like a complicated toy. As he became familiar with it, it would leave his brain and circle his head like an electromagnetic field. As he matured with its use, this psychic power was everywhere in his then three-dimensional universe.

"The 'Man played with his newfound plaything and was too deeply involved before he realized that he was not alone. In this fourth dimension, there were many psychic powers, of carious moods. Some were rather resentful of this

upstart who was creating a bit of discomfort in their domain. The 'Man was like a child antagonizing a dangerous beast without realizing the danger. He suddenly was fighting for his very existence." His voice was reduced to a humble plea for understanding.

"The war was unfair. The old powers were familiar with the available weapons. Our 'Man was blinded by his inexperience. But it was this inexperience which saved him from immediate destruction. Along with his inexperience came his novelty. The old psychics did not yet have the key to his demise. Crazy Man took his own character into this world. They didn't know what would rid them of their pest." Tears had filled Mike's eyes.

"They grew to grasp the essence of this crazy man, yet simultaneously he also grew to use his powers to defend and sustain himself. He thought he would be able to become a member of their hierarchy, but they had declared a fight to the finish. He had tried pacification and it was fruitless; now his conscious was clear to join their war.

"But he would need more than he had. His advantage was his inventiveness. He turned out to be a clever strategist, yet his resources were insufficient to meet the long range demands made upon them. His only move was to recruit. The field of the existing powers was closed to him, so he turned to his own kind."

Kay interrupted, her sarcasm had bowed to the sincerity which had surrounded the storyteller, but her faculties required suspicion of her, "Who would he choose? Where would he find volunteers to join such a struggle and how would he draft them?"

"He would choose as many strong characteristics as he could find in as few a number of persons as possible, for convenience sake." Mike stared into space. "Such characteristics as nonconformity, solitude, and anger would be valuable."

He looked at Kay. "Artistic skills, intellect, and coldness would add the necessary diversity to an arsenal which might overwhelm the enemy. The surprise had better be good or the battle might be long. Very long."

He turned to Marie, smiled, and softly told her, "And compassion, warmth, and love would be essential to complement the troops. What else would make the struggle worth while? What else would keep virtue on our side? What else would we have ready to fill voids, to justify their annihilation?"

"What other dreams do we have to dream?"

These last words were said yet not spoken, as the three hikers faded like stars into the trees. These lonely trees were transformed into people who did not hear the story of the sparkles surrounding them.

HAIKU NO. 9 + 1

Autumn:
Stained-glass butterflies falling
to feed earthworms in the spring

HAIKU NO. 9

Close your eyes – open them
Dò you see the change?
The sun has gone down a little.

FAKE

Hypocrisy is in my tone.
The words, I speak, I do not own.
The thoughts, I think, I do not act.
The reflexion, my image, is not exact.

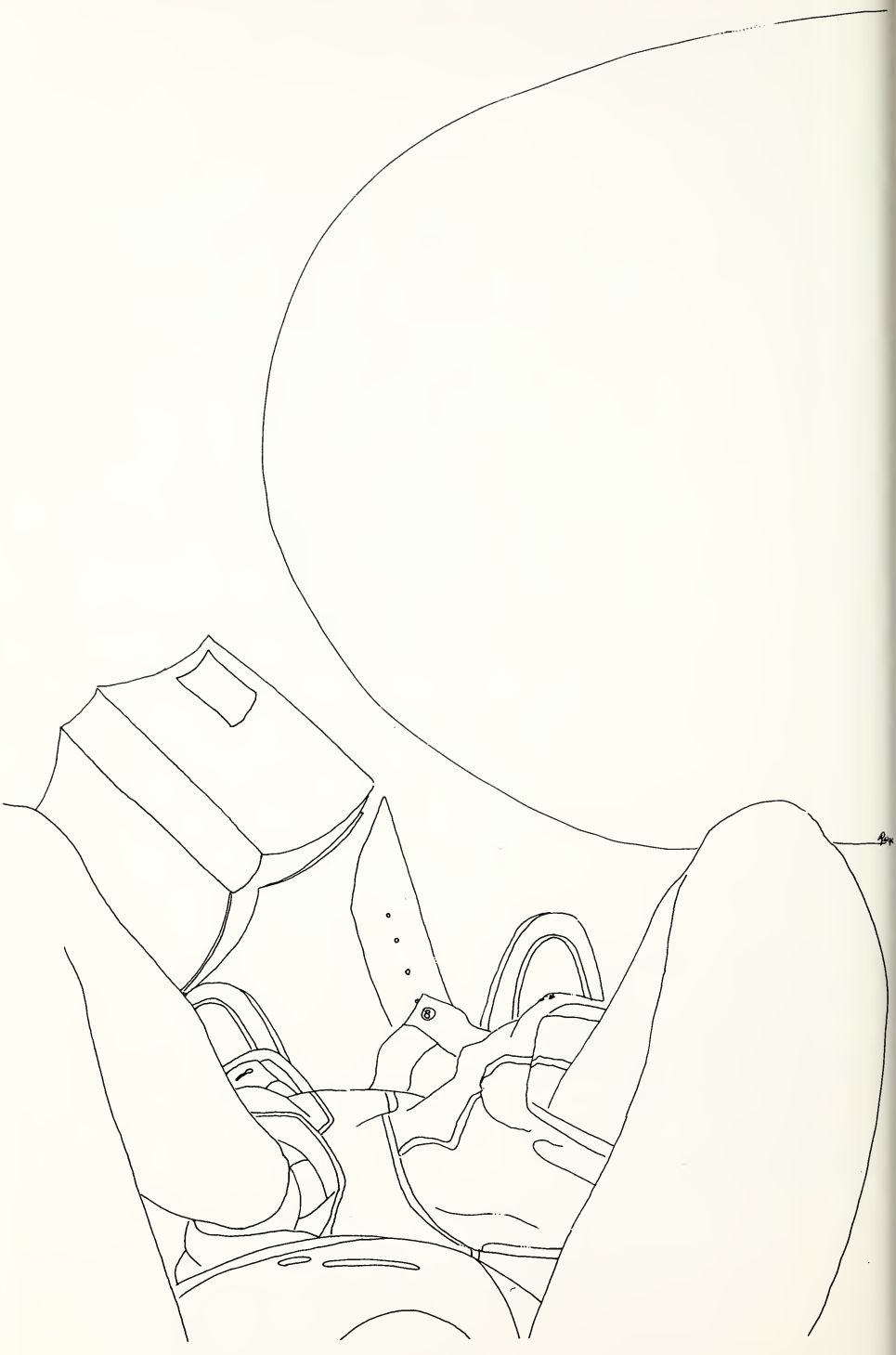
FATE

fate stands . . .
Future improvident,
Assurance impossible,
Telepathy improbable, and
End impendent.

I feel a pink and gold butterfly
come smashing through my window
spreading its crepe paper wings.
Above,
shattered crystals of sparkling raindrops
arch high then
spin dizzily in misted silence.
Drifting and diving.
This prophet of joy
threatens to smother me
in a lavender happiness.
Encircled within the swirling madness
we exchange selves.
I lift up my wings
and fly through another window
to another room.

GLASS STEPPING

I thought the trick
    of glass stepping
So that the stale saltine
    Cracked surface smiles
Was a whim of my magic.
    But circle badges
Of other soles
    Startled me into
Spilling the moon.



NEWELL ADDERHOLT WAS A TRUCK SLAVE

Spider creased
Like dying desert crust –
He made father rooster-laugh.
He held out silver to me
In the earthen platter of his hand
To chase the ice-cream bell –
After my fork-fragile
Tine-fingered, dust running hands,
Bought man-soot smears
Healing his sun-blood
Chrome-smiling Mercury.

He launched the grey vein
From Charlotte
Where the thousand crouching
Scab-red and aluminum
Monster-pups crawled –
Crippled worms
Suckling the human-gnatted
Gaping terminal mother
Drinking shadow milk.

A L I C E

I

The forgotten faces of years gone by
Are locked into the endless
Ebony sea, and there they will lie.
Beneath the massive oaks of yore
In the swaying coolness of shade;
Their long, gray beards blowing
In the gentle breeze; lies the bold
Remembrance of a name,
Etched in gleaming marble cold as ice.
The now immortal thing of love;
Stares back . . . . . Alice.

II

Floating past the column . . .
Near, yet distant,
The ominous shapes with gnarled
Reaching hands . . . trees at night
Opaque becomes the air.
What beauteous thing
Is there?
The garden sweet air as still
As the moon, and yet, . . . it comes,
On floating carpet of clouds;
So silent is the world
That all fear to make a sound.

III

Pity in the heart of all
Who see this mournful phantom,
In the stillness of her stroll.
Playing, searching in a breeze so wanton,
That only the morning tide could match.
In the waning hours of darkness,
When shapes begin to form;
The quiet stillness does then begin to part,
Leaving only the gray warren remnants
Of the night before,
Lost forever, in the light
Of a new day.

ABOARD THE SEA FAN II

A naval representation
of days lost in
courage and lives
most unfulfilled.

The mariner's soul unyielding
Tends only to the call
of the awesome sea:
(that forever haunts his world)

Early boyish ideas of storm
Conquerings,
and festive actions
Avail to charge the sailors purpose.

As time continues
Years pass unnoticed
Still the mariner surrenders nothing
always natures
sternest advocate.

His sinews forever realized
by generations of widows, lost loves,
and sunken gold
Leave him little, but memories
of starless, moonless
nights.

LAMENTATIONS IN THE DARK

What lies in a day alone,
Long mornings
slow afternoons
and dreary nights.

Existence depends on
the love
of those not
at hand.

Tame your conscience.
Allow the
grey processions
to abduct idle doubts.

Realize that boredom
is the unparalledable time,
when love
strengthens.

Doubt not your existence
nor depend on
physical concerns
for Revival.

Percieve your own
absence
and do not despair
at lonliness.

THE POND AT WHITMAN'S MILL

At Whitman's Mill there is a pond
Where water lilies grow
And there are coves where minnows swarm
With nowhere far to go.
The green west bank an oak tree shades
From most of summer's sun,
Beneath the boughs I'd often sleep
When many days were done.
One small white duck patrols the shore
In endless search of prey,
An old green toad dreams, undisturbed,
Some stooping rushes sway,
It's been a year since last I came
To sleep beneath the sky;
You see, the pond at Whitman's Mill
Was where we said goodbye.

EASTSIDE
PRODUCE
ICE COLD
MELONS

FINANCIAL REPORT

To: The Publications Board

From: The Editor of *The Journal*

The following is a statement concerning the financial status of *The Journal* for the academic year 1972-1973.

Total expenditures for the first semester	$1402.37
second semester	1602.78
Total expenditures for the entire year	$3005.15
Total income for the year 1972-1973	2795.00
Amount of deficit	$ 210.15

Respectfully submitted,
John Hooe
Editor, *The Journal*, 1972-1973

R.W. King '73 #2

THE JOURNAL

JOURNAL STAFF

Editor / Johnny James

Editorial Advisors / Tommy Carlisle
Lance Leonhirth
Clay Sherrill

Editorial Assistants / Bill Taylor
Colin Campbell
Scott Strickler

The **Journal** *is published four times during the academic year — in October, December, March and May — by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. The magazine is supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Mr. Frank Anderson is advisor.*

ONTENTS DECEMBER 1973 VOL. LXXXVI No. 2

POETRY

2	UNTITLED	Cocklburr
3	UNTITLED	Anon
	THE DEATH OF ONE	CSR
4	TREES AND TUMBLEWEEDS	Bobby Reeder
	INSOMNIATIC SCRIBBLINGS	Bobby Reeder
6	CONFUSION	Sunshine Obscured By A Black Cloud
7	PROJECTOR	Keith Walker
9	TO MY DAUGHTER YET UNBORN	Chessley Carlquit
0	MOTHER VESUVIUS	Chessley Carlquit
5	FALLING MOON	Lance Leonhirth
	SPRING	Philip Maton Young
	MEDITATION	Philip Maton Young
6	UNTITLED	Madre Diego
	ETUDE	F. Mulchwagon
3	UNTITLED	Mark Reed
5	CINDY	Mark Reed

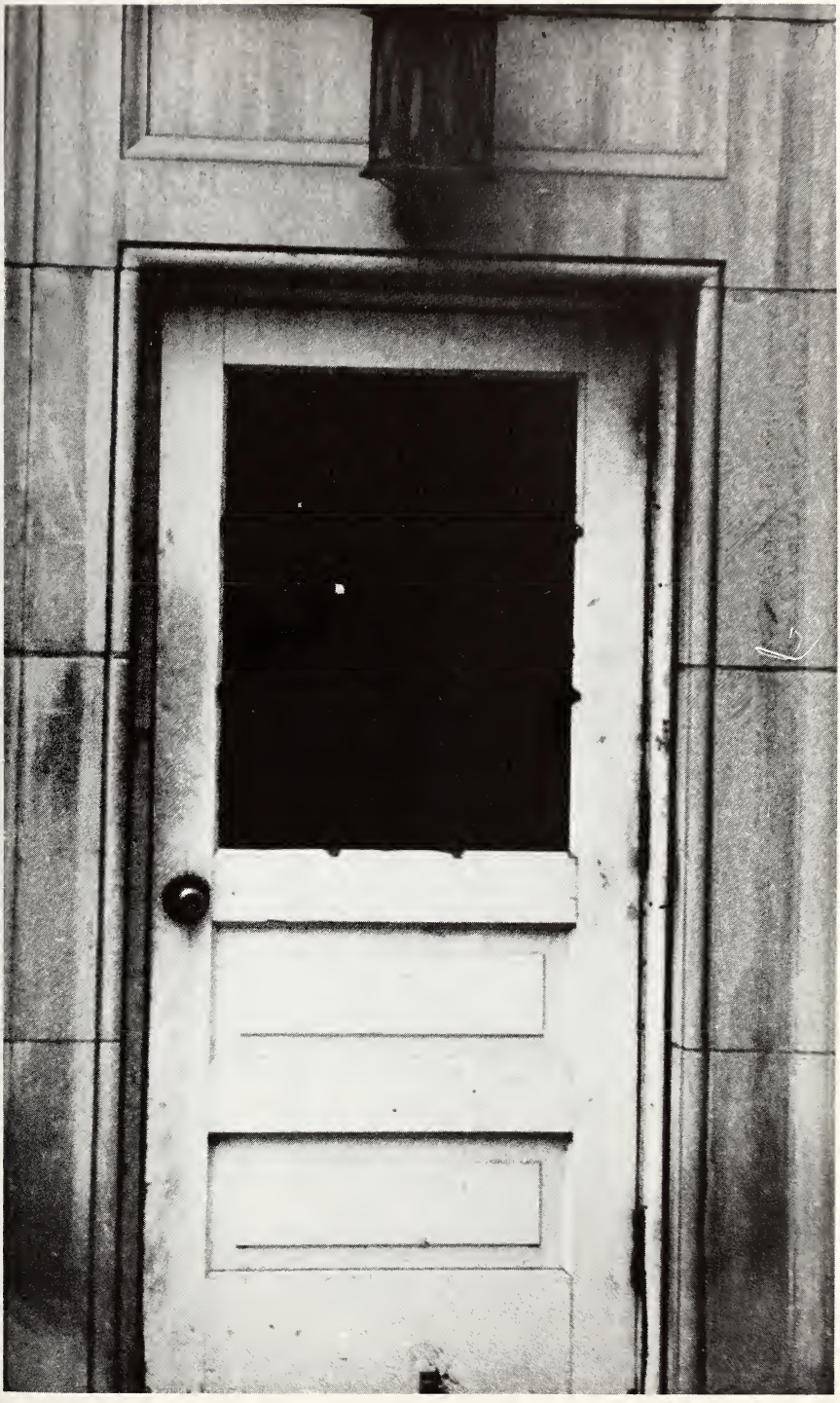
PROSE

1	QUICKSILVER	Peter Harvin
8	HERBERT VISITS THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE	William Covington
0	CHILDREN AT PLAY	Charles Brookshire

ART

5	DRAWING	Wat King
14	DRAWING	Bill Taylor
8	LINOCUT	David Culp
17	LINOCUT	David Culp
24	LINOCUT	David Culp
1	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
19	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
22	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
26	PHOTOGRAPH	Anon
	COVER DESIGN	Wat King

To Anonymity



1

Yes . . . walk lightly there
young man —
for the Sea
of Galilee
is a fragile
plate of fluffed
green glass:
and the fish
that evade
the fishermen's nets
possess delicate
tan bodies
encircled with
scarlet bristles
that probe
into the hardest
of flesh;
the weakest
of minds

Mute walls forever stand
never responding but for vacant glares
from viewless windows and dirty venetians.
One knocks on hollow doors,
Only silence answered by fading footsteps.
People are in the world
One hears them; recognizes their jokes,
their laughter, their presence but knows not
how to reach them,
The road beckons for there is nothing else
and no one cares.

THE DEATH OF ONE

The day of calm and peace ends,
the twilight of the future enters.
Thought reigns no more,
run all people for yourselves.

Time comes to all; to one.
The clock escapes from the past,
we close the eyes to what comes.
Dance O' wind, chase the long dead leaves.

The day came and now he has fallen,
only the girl of dreams is left under the melted snow.
The point of kindness, of one, to all
Her quiescent touch, the eye gleams, a tear falls to its death.

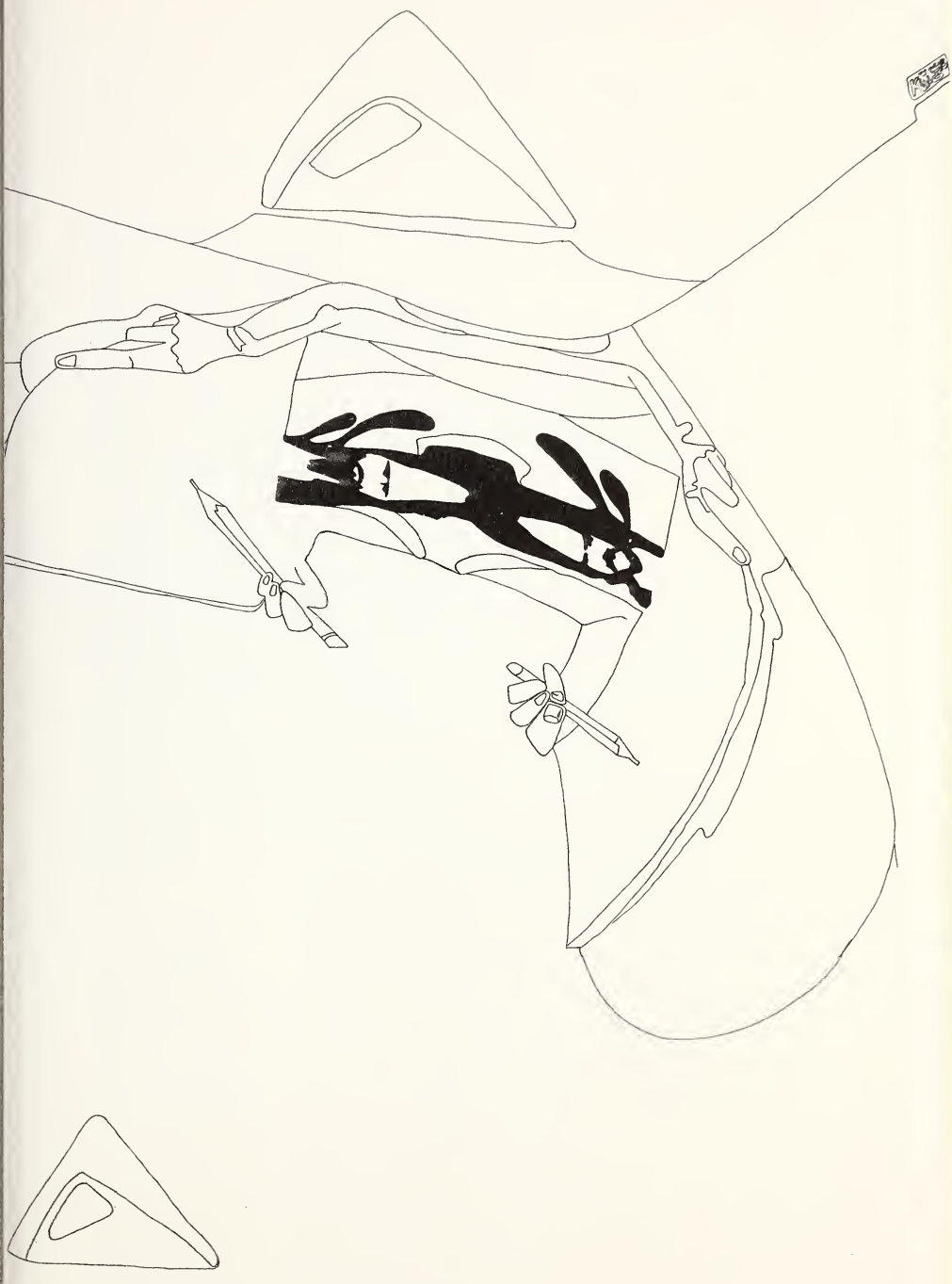
Dedicated to "Jay Demon" from C.S.R

TREES AND TUMBLEWEEDS

Lately, I've been thinking
That with all deliberate speed
Gnomes come naturally
To trees and tumbleweeds,
This game of life that we play
– Poré, Thrust, Touché –
We oft times play in a very crowded place;
For like others who have passed this way on their way down
Obstinence, pride, and ego-trips are what we have to face.
(Well, at least that makes us members of the human race.)
Why don't we just forget about the sorrows
And to Hell with who's to blame.
It's rather academic who caused it,
Pain hurts just the same.
An appreciation for love comes with age
So maybe it's 'time' that we need.
To enable us to understand the trees –
And likewise the tumbleweeds!

INSOMNIATIC SCRIBBLINGS

A part of the world's beauty has died,
For lack of a better word,
From overindulgence.
I've found that in order to realistically
Get along in the world,
I must give of myself in minute quantities –
People just refuse to accept anything more!
It's an exaggeration to say that
"I'll never be the same again".
Hell! We are what people,
Who's opinion we give a damn about,
Make us make ourselves.
To that ends the meek wait to inherit the earth;
And wait, and wait, and wait, and wait, and . . .



CONFUSION

lies, getting fooled, drunken mistakes, hurting,
weeping, fighting, sickening, uncertainty,
laughing, crying inside, searching, losing,
wondering, exhausting, thinking, moving,
hoping, moping, working, hating, loving,
leaving, cleaving, questioning, hurrying,
needing, bleeding, pleading, groping,
accepting, rejecting, keeping, accusing,
buying, trying, clinging, grasping,
nauseating, maddening
Confusion.

PROJECTOR

Shutter heels
Drive concrete frames
Through dark city stupor.
Ice-blue anchored light
Courses through the hollow.

Caged wood mummies
Bent, pert, sneering
Bask their public bosoms.

A night film man
Stutters from a swollen nave
In the shadow of a glowing spire.

Shredded echoes
Of ended reels
Disconnect the whispering eyes.
The vacant surge-case
Scurries from the black stage
Into the silent pillow lap
Rewound.

TO MY DAUGHTER YET UNBORN

You who are but a part of memory
prayers I have sent
and wishes from the perfection of my fruit
It is your fruit and the gifts of our labor
that like warm water liquor baths us both
to delirium dripping our false hopes
Into the mirror puddle between my feet
I shall step closer to you and hold you
because you are the gift of every man
Your life to mine shall be nature's gentle
Caress lightly on the forehead.

MOTHER VESUVIUS

The mountain Mother smoldering its ages
Turned the world into fire that day
From whisps of white to towering billows of rage
She threw down tomorrows fields in glimmering rays
Of flaming rivelets of rock turning flesh to fire
That dripping slow clogged, the footpaths of their fathers.
Shadows in the east rose from the red pyre
Erupting and burning, rolling down into the Sea
Of Mediterranean blue meeting its lover in explosions of steam.

Some who stood on higher ground fell down and wept
Tears of salt that rolled steaming down to the sea
Others in the crowded crying streets
Ran from the death that crept in flames
Along the shattered palasters and idols down to the sea.
Black and grey the ashen clouds climbed higher
Blotting out the blue of yesterdays high sky and dreams
To crash pellets of flame upon the terra cotta tile
Rolling down into the streets of flesh below.
Some who stood afloat watched her take the claim
Then turned away to see the setting of the blood red sun.

QUICKSILVER

An old man sits inside a laundromat somewhere, in a place whose name we can't remember because no facet of its frankly functional, non-descript appearance can command our attention. Flawed concrete and iron pipe we see everyday, everywhere; they have become a background to our lives much the same as a theatrical background is to an actor: a thing beside and around us, but never before our eyes. Unwilling to blend with the prosaic unity before us, our attention focuses on the desolate figure of the one object that clashes with the frigid walls encompassing him.

He has a purpose here. He transforms pieces of paper into pieces of metal to feed machines which imbibe not only this metal, but filthy clothes, soap, and dirt in staggering quantities. They seem alive, these parodies; they breathe scummy water, and they grow . . . we can see them become Gargantuas, annihilating the entirety of civilization by mechanizing the creatures around them.

Yet he is human. We can sympathize with his emotions so much more easily than with the machines' glacial indifference. So we search for these emotions, some warmth to use as a bulwark against the wintry chill creeping into out minds. The cold has numbed us so, that at first we percieve nothing beyond the automaton in his being, so irrevocably, powerfully present in his face and eyes that in terror and desperation our gaze darts elsewhere to rest on his hands.

And here we find something that relieves us somewhat. Decades of some crippling disease have twisted them as we would your hands to wring a towel dry. Pure works of art, these, wrought by some incomprehensible evil. They are intricate beyond belief, with curves, bends, lumps, and bumps that we can't even begin to count.

A quick glance around assures us that the walls, who have been looking at us quite unaffectedly, are still there, compelling us by their very indifference and insipidity to return to those maimed hands.

We imagine ourselves under some huge reducing ray, becoming smaller with each tick of the watch on the old man's wrist. Tick . . . and he's twice as tall. Tick . . . and his arm is a blimp in the sky. Tick . . . and his pores are caverns vast as continents, separated by unthinkably long stretches of flesh stippled with dunes. True to our adventurous natures, we drift towards a pore, to examine its niches and rocks and fluids and nerves.

It is a nerve that first draws our attention. In the sooty black around it and us, it pulses with an unholy brilliance, each stroboscopuli and responses, at first sight undeciphered and unintelligible. In a burst of intution, we see the pattern, and begin to see how this lump here hurts this way, and that curve there causes this motor ganglion to warp the motion of that finger. In the joy of the exploration and discovery we have made, we determine to go farther along this path, to the source of the light: the brain.

A million candles burn in our eyes, a million impulses for us to see in just this one section we have reached – the control center of one of those roughshod hands. And around us everywhere the visible echoes of that one center: we realize that understanding that hand and its control center enables us to understand the man.

In a prodigious mental leap we leave the way we came and resume our former size. Those twisted claws hold a doubled intrigue for us now. For instance, could that little lump on his knuckle indicate that his mother was a hard woman? Why, it seems indubitably so to us. And the delicate curve in the

right forefinger, could that indicate an alcholic father. It must be so!

But these are things past; we seek to know what is now. These surroundings with their frosty airs are our present, those droll yet intricate fingers must become part of it too, for if they don't, we know that we will freeze.

A mathematician takes a set of data and graphs it into a curve. By an inductive method, he extrapolates that curve, elongating it as though it were clay to be stretched and molded by an artist's mind. This we do; using those convoluted mockeries as our basic curve, we extrapolate the man; if we understand the hand, we understand the man.

Transparent slides flash in our eyes, each one a scene in the play written by some Practical Joker about our hero – snips of life cut by the scissors of our brains we call the eyes. Each slide falls into a carousel, forming a curve we call a circle, begin again. The projector is on; we focus a slide.

He has a wife, a grainy woman with greying hair. Pots clang in the symphony of her existence as she shuffles through a kitchen that has become her road to paradise. Over her average form she wears a synthetic material that complements her synthetic eyes; eyes as vacuous as the world she lives in, and the world she seeks. The crooked thumb the old man chews is the only description we need to tell us all.

The carousel gives a snick and the den comes into view. In the center of one of the walls is a television, spitting images and noise, desecrating our eyes and ears with the sewage coursing through its circuits. A green vinyl-covered easychair next to a re-upholstered chaise lounge done in a floral pattern; a coffee table with ring stains; the sticky testimony of years of bloody-eyed awakenings and stinking drunks. A taffy-colored rug that blends with beige walls and a cream ceiling to give the room the appearance of a caramel goodie. Only the filling is sour, reeking of beer, booze, and vomit.

Another slide drops; we see a bedroom, a four-poster and a dresser. All antique, all worn by grey hands and bent hands and by morning searches for seedy cloth to cover seedy skins. The creak of a spring under the soft mattress is an audible testimony that decades ago covers were tousled beneath bodies contorted by sexual heat, and the springs were tortured by the steady pump-pump-pump of our hero's pelvis – done night after night until love-making became a washer for the old man, and a pot for the old lady. Only one spring creaks now, harmonizing to the crackle of bones and passions spent long ago.

But something has drawn our attention away from our picture-show. Ah, the old man smiles. Fascinated, we watch the hint of a grin contort the old man's lips; why? We track the axis of his glance to those gnarled fingers, and see the tips caressing gently, sensuously, passionately, a disc of silver.

And wait, is it our imagination, or have his fingers crooked just a bit more? In an agony of concentration we strive to see the change. Finally, he touches another coin. With our visual perception heightened, we see the creation of an infinitesimal embryo of a new cyst the instant he touches the coin. So now the reasons become clear, the causes of those warped bones. Our old man has a disease.

The old man's day is done now, and he slowly locked the door to his laundromat. No use keeping it open 24 hours; not enough people, and besides, his little babies don't need to be overworked. He turns to trek home, not far away (no, not far away at all) down a lane of ineluctable invariability, content in this and the silver next to his heart in a pouch that he carries home every evening. Through a palpable dusk we follow him, determined to see the end of this saga.

From that same dusk, in a dilapidated section of town, come the thieves.

In cliche silence they come, and demand his money. They are young lads, with a touch of April in their cheeks and only the autumn winds in their souls. Winter has not yet come, but its hideous wolves are yelping at the threshold; not far away (not far away at all).

The old man's refusal brightens April's touch to July's fury. They pommel the old man, mercilessly beating every ounce of precious metal out of him. We ache to rush to the rescue, but the Practical Joker freezes our legs. He wants to see how his little joke pans out. And the old man, deprived of life, lies on the pavement with no one around, his blood running silver in the moonlight; running down arms bent unnaturally, from silver-stained hands and fingers; chasing the coins the boys have taken, running in a vain attempt to warn them of what the old man has seen at the moment of his death: two boys grown up, with a hideous disease that has twisted their hands to match their minds.

FALLING MOON

Lying in a field the stars spit at me.
The corners of the sky are sewn
to trees to hold it down.
The moon hoists itself over each building
and slowly floats to the center of space.
I am waiting for it to fall and crush my chest.

SPRING

Bright rays of power
Life budding forth and striving
Life everywhere.

MEDITATION

Sitting still yet I
am alive as never yet
absorbed in pure mind.

Bleeding feet and hands
A pierced side and crown of thorns
Yet he loves mankind.

Her hair is so soft
her laugh is so absorbing
who could not love her.

What is beauty?
Is it a pretty face in a crowded room?
A painting in a gallery that stands out?
A thought, inner goodness?

Is it a trite, monoclinical inclination?
It it a striving for perfection within oneself?
It is none of these - or depending on the individual, it is all of these things.

But to me, beauty is solitude - the ability to live with yourself - - - -
Judging not the outward appearance of a person,
But your thoughts and your thoughts of him - -
Not until we can learn to live with ourselves
Can we obtain perfect beauty.

ETUDE

Worthless gifts
Rewarding misspent
Days of our past.
Chilling rooms
Containing intermindable hours
of mindless solitude.
Captured by a box
of measured dimensions.
Controlled movements
Restricted by the
Boundaries of our doom.
Energy confined —
Only to escape
When it seeks
Another wavelength.

"HERBERT VISITS THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE"

My father has often (upon being "begged", of course) delighted our family with stories of his childhood in Red Springs. (For the less fortunate, Red Springs was a small town in the very heart of N. C.'s tobacco farming region). It had as its' most prominent possessions a Railroad, a hardware store, a "drugstore-barber-shop-surgeon's office", a beautiful red clay main street laced by wooden sidewalks, and more salt-of-the-earth folks than you could shake a stick at.

Although Red Springs rocked on the weekend, and had its' share of Saturday night shootings, its' people were basically God-fearing and it was, after all, not that great a place for a young boy to grow into manhood. It is this setting then, that I would like for you to keep in mind as I relate to you one of my father's more stimulating childhood experiences.

Red Springs had, in addition to the previously mentioned necessities, a rather small slaughterhouse, where a certain number of cattle were quickly and humanely removed from this world every day by a colossal negro named Bud Rhea.

Bud stood well over six feet tall, weighed somehwere in the vicinity of 250-260 pounds, and had those massive forearms that come from a job that requires a great deal of physical strength. Bud's long, winding handlebar mustache offset rather nicely his wild, protruding eyes.

At any rate, my father, at about ten years old, had reached the stage, (as do all young boys), when he wanted to see how livestock was butchered. In the course of trying to satiate his hunger for knowledge on this subject, he managed to slip into Bud's slaughterhouse unnoticed.

Bud, who was about to slaughter another steer, noticed little Herbert standing there in silent curiosity, and decided that if he was curious enough about this thing to get into the slaughterhouse, then by George, he deserved to see how a steer was killed.

The hapless creature had its' head and neck trapped in a stocklike structure so that it could no longer move freely. Picking up the baseball bat with which he was so efficient, Bud put a herculean blow on the steer right between its' eyes. This, of course, immediately sent it to its' knees, and before the steer could regain its' senses, Bud had slit its' throat, cupped his gargantuan hands under the animal's draining jugulars, and was enjoying a deep drink of its' blood. When he had finished, with the blood still dripping off his mustache, he turned to my father, rolled his big wild eyes and said:

"O. K. Herbert, YOU'RE NEXT!"

19

CHILDREN AT PLAY

She is my wife and she sobs uncontrollably. I do not know what to do. She has fears which are fantastic and my reassurances are no reassurance. "My dear. My dear." I held her. It was all I could think of to do. How many times had I forgotten all my friends and found substance in her embrace? Is there a better feeling than calming one's wife in one's arms? But my wife was not being calmed. Is there a worse feeling?

"Those howls," she said. "They are not the howls of dogs. Not even of wolves come into town. They are the howls of the children in the neighborhood. Every day there are more and more of them. They are controlled by a horror which is controlled by nothing."

There was nothing I could do, so I went to work. On the way I was shown children, usually inside at this early hour, roaming the streets, crying like my wife, in hopeless fear.

At work, the rains kept everyone away. So, having done nothing all day. I left for home. The children were no longer in the streets. The rain was gone but it was still wet in the city. The children could be seen occasionally darting from building to building.

It got darker much earlier than usual this day, because of the bad weather. In the dim light, I could not tell what the children were doing. I could not remember the game myself, but it seemed to involve the tearing of clothes, as clothes could be seen in tatters, and a manner-forgotten meal, as the children were tearing large pieces of material savagely from a quivering figure and devoruing them. When I was a child, we would not have enjoyed such a game.

But I keptmy car headed homeward. Within a mile of my house, a child threw an object, at a glance it appeared to be a glass, at my car. It hit the front grill. I stopped my car to teach this young vandal a lesson but he was gone like a cowardly dog. Closer home, another object was thrown. This time I caught the owner of the guilty arm. But he was quickly surrounded by others. Like a pack of hounds, they found a bravery in company and made a defense for the lad. I was forced to retreat to my car. The menaces made wild threatening attacks until I revved my engine and sounded my horn. The gestures adults often learn from children disappeared and the young mob left like frightened squirrels.

Driving on, my concern was at its highest peak. My wife would be in terror. As the night grew darker so quickly, my car was pelted more often by snarling faces; and no longer were they all little faces. Hands and feet and bodies would strike my side, and my God, I think I killed one. But I could not stop.

Within blocks of my house, my car was successfully barracaded and stopped. Out of my protective vehicle, the animals, of whom I now recognized some, would not make a concerted effort against me. A few would make a snarling threat. My own snarl drove them away.

I didn't know if I should run or crawl. Every head was on me and my eyes were on every head. Every step increased their already intense attention. I recognized a man to be a carpenter. Before a strong silent man, he was now bursting with fear and hate. Able to break me into halves, he retreated at my now constant snarl. No free path available, I charged those between my house

and me. A hole quickly opened as I clawed the slow ones and quickly closed as I was gone.

I ran without hesitating. Occasionally stopped, I bit and scratched a roadway toward home. My body bleeding from projectiles and claws, I had never run harder. Children who had smiled at me the day before now were biting me when I was slowed. On my block, my neighbors, who were my friends, fought me with a hatred which was sickening. John, customer and companion, had grabbed my leg and was attempting to eat my ankle. My free foot cracked his skull. We would never visit the mountains together again.

I neared my home and prayed my wife was inside and forgotten by these jackals. In my yard, I saw she was not. She was in the destroy squad chasing to my door. I looked in her eyes for an explanation. All I received was a glare which killed my heart. I raced for the door in a thoughtless, hopeless dash. If I could only reach the bathroom, I could lock myself in until daylight and calmness allowed my escape. I grabbed the door and was inside except for my right side. The only difference between myself and the face I jammed with a broomstick was the circumstance of attacker and attacked. Our split second battle had been to the finish.

Inside my house, I refused to take a restful breath. Trembling with the anticipation of safety, I turned to be met by twenty of my relatives and neighbors. Spread with strategic positioning throughout the front room, I looked on their sickening "we-got-you" grins. My pursuers burst through the door. Arms grabbed me as voices yelled "Surprise" and "Happy Birthday."

Like a fawn
over a
sprinkling
brook,

My heart
dances
at the mere
sight of you.

A graceful
jewel
amidst
a fine crown,

You stand out
to be seen
by no one but
me.

CINDY

Sitting . . .
Where water falls.
Where was
she?

There
Beside it,
Adorning
Nature.

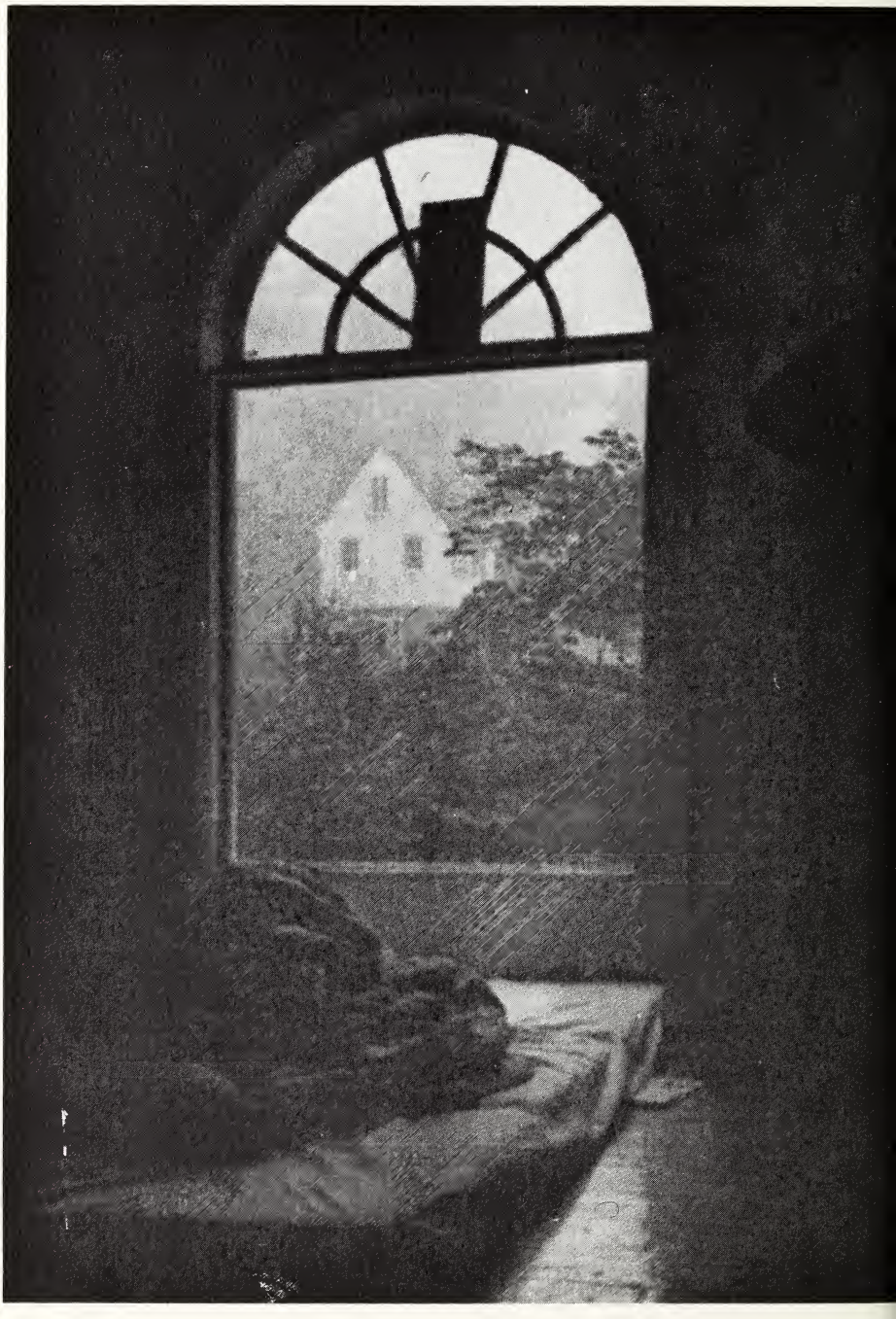
She's there.
Look around,
Look under you,
above you.

She sits
Where
Nature
lies.

Under the
Frolicing
Squirrels
in love.

Beside
the rabbit
Paths
she plays.

A woman
A creation
A particle
of Nature.



JOURNAL

FFORD
LLEGE

SPRING

JOURNAL STAFF

Editor / Johnny James

Editorial Advisors / Tommy Carlisle
Lance Leonhirth
Clay Sherrill

Editorial Assistants / Bill Taylor
Colin Campbell
Scott Strickler

The **Journal** *is published four times during the academic year — in October, December, March and May — by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. The magazine is supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Mr. Frank Anderson is advisor.*

CONTENTS MARCH 1974 VOL. LXXXVI No. 1

POETRY

2	ROUSSEAIR'S SLEEPY GYPSY	Ed Minus
3	TURNIP GREENS	F. MulchWagon
5	GREYHOUND BUS STATION	Bobby Reeder
6	METAMORPHOSIS	Bobby Reeder
7	ACCIDENT	Clay Sherrill
8	FRIENDSHIP	Levi Candlesmith
9	UNTITLED	Levi Candlesmith
10	UNTITLED	ALAN
12	GENOCIDE	John Hooe
14	COME AWAY MR. BONES	John Hooe
15	NO OILS OR SUGAR USED IN PROCESSING	Alex Duthie
23	EGOS	Jim Dunne
25	CHANGES	Jim Dunne

PROSE

17	THE STORE	Eddie Hinson
27	ESSAY	Tom Grigsby

ART

1	COLLAGE	John Hooe
13	DRAWING	Anon
24	SELF PORTRAIT	Chessley Carlquit

PHOTOGRAPH

4	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
7	PHOTOGRAPH	Alan Steele
8	PHOTOGRAPH	Kat
9	PHOTOGRAPH	Alan Steele
11	PHOTOGRAPH	Scott Strickler
16	PHOTOGRAPH	Mark Crenshaw
22	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
26	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton

ROUSSEAU'S "SLEEPING GYPSY"

She sleeps unsafe but dares not wake.
Propped on sand under nothing but sky,
She dreams the dream that breathes down the back.

Decked out in a sleazy candy-stripe sack,
Her bare feet flowering like a sigh,
She sleeps unsafe but dares not wake.

Of creature comforts there's no lack.
They can't lay fear. The dream tells why.
The dream is the dream that breathes down the back.

He has stalked her sleep and has left no track.
His paintbrush tail tickles the sky.
She sleeps unsafe but dares not wake.

Although the moon may be a fact,
The moonlit mane and the frozen eye
Are part of the dream that breathes down the back.

The mute mandolin shows admirable tact.
The hills and the river ride on by.
She sleeps unsafe. She dare not wake
The kind of dreams breathing down her back.

TURNIP GREENS

Common goals
Of exhibition and repression
Have crippled the mightiest of nations.
Destruction is an internal process,
Not to be confused with Diarrhea.
Only simpletons
Existing,
Breathing,
Dying,
Can understand
The reason for our presence.
It could concern used-car lots.
Some people argued that statement was
Beyong comprehension.
Others merely told the philosopher to
Shove it,
And went merrily on their way.

A pome for a dusty day in Dallas.

GREYHOUND BUS STATION

Once more I'm pushing open the doors
That I vowed never to go through again.
It doesn't matter what time I come here,
Or who I cance to meet or see.
The blank faces staring at me from the wall;
Always have the same message in their eyes:
"Come. Have a seat;
And I'll take you down with me."
Down seems to be where I'm going,
It's surely where they've been.
I wonder to myself if they even tried
One must play the game in order to win.
I hurry like Hell to catch my bus,
But I know it's all in vain.
MY mind keeps whispering that at the
Very next station,
I'll face it all again.

METAMORPHASIS

Through happy hours trimmed
With unhappy linings.
To lonely nights filled
With echoes of laughter.
I've played this act to the hilt.
And now it's time for something new.

That's actually something old!
I've really known it all along.
But there's no time to waste on tears
For someone who's no longer there.
If it had been a snake it would have bit me.
And now it's time for something new.

That's hopefully something different!
I won't fill the gap with trash
And smooth over the surface.
To heal completely wounds must heal naturally
At that I'll just keep on moving forward.
And try not to make the same mistake again.

ACCIDENT

Night sucking
Erupting volcanoes
Holes spitting red
Stare wide at
Figures dancing
Outside the fiery ring.

The earth bleeds;
Draining and replenishing
The dust on the ground.

FRIENDSHIP

When I look to you –
I try not to expect
of you to laugh,
to be sad –

I do expect you to be
honest–
And you – the same
from me –
and I will try

One thought follows
another.
Do you remember what
influenced
the Last
one?

Listless morning hours
transfixed on newborn light
Expend my waking dreams and hopes
of a fading yesternight.

return a cold kiss
And dreams pass
in regressing metamorphosis.

The superficial splendor
of evenings delight
Reminds me of butterflies wings
which glisten and shone bright.

Slumbering back
into my threadworn cocoon
Evenings lights fade and leave
but an empty room.

11

GENOCIDE

Charlotte waits on smacking lips
she brings them rice and ribs
she lays her breasts upon the plate
with hopes the lips will like
and spit a tip

Charlotte pulses to my table
with the beat of drum and bass
she throws her leg around my neck
her fingers snap the pace
she sings to me

A smile beneath my napkin
Charlotte's tongue aside my ear
I practice dancin' everyday
that I'm not workin' here
I need a break

Charlotte tells me with her body
I'm dancin' everyday
she smells the grease and steps on peas
This ain't the dancin' way

I'm dyin'

COME AWAY MR. BONES

tiger's fang glistens
light and listen
for a splashing or a splash

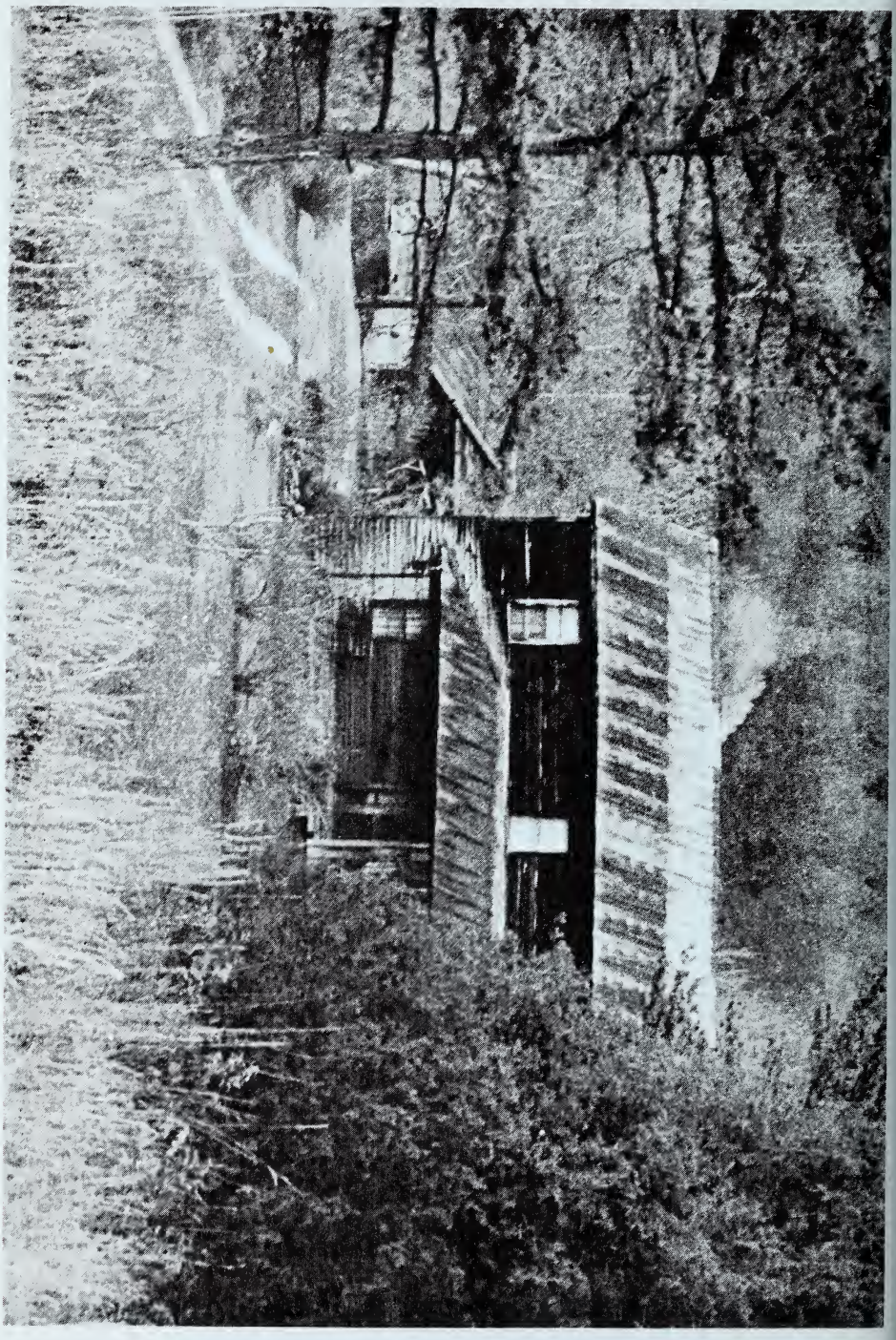
go
as if you yearned for drink
as if in lust you could not think
or come back
to fifty or so states
with governors and county seats
with family and family
rubbing guts in grocery stores
and expecting a miracle to be announced
any day, as if there was one more chance

go ahead
find your beginnings as if the end
could mend in time and come out
right
or even if a tragedy could shape up
well with a bit of help
go and poison yourself or first your mother
and then yourself and leave some note with
reference to God or Fate

tiger's fang glistens
like the white stone name
like a verse in a dream song
considerably away
from the boring implications
of Repeat

NO OILS OR SUGAR USED IN PROCESSING

I'll fly again tonight,
Come moonrise
With stoned eyes;
An ant without slippers.
I'll dance so coldly, twisting boldly
In my Planter's Peanut World,
And not pray
To old owls
Who dream no light that sways,
Not turning hands, nor sinking sands,
Just oil and sugar ways.



THE STORE

He had taken the letter from his post office box in the Campus center. The return address indicated that it was from home and the handwriting identified the author as his mother. "Family news" he thought as he slipped the letter into his back pocket and started across the campus. The weekend of debauchery had left him feeling renewed, and he half-eyed the jiggling hips of the coed ahead of him with an appraising eye. He stopped by a friend's room as he made his way back to his own dormitory room. As he and his friend had talked, he had absent-mindedly taken the letter from his back pocket and placed it on the top of a dresser. He had almost forgotten it when he rose to return to his room but was stopped by the friend.

Back in his own room, he whistled a tune as he ripped open the letter with his finger and began to read, expecting the usual bits of what everyone in the family was doing. Something in the letter wrenched the tune from his lips. His eyes began racing across the page. "Goddammit, Why him!!," he cried as he flung the letter across the room.

The letter informed him that his grandfather who ran a country store in a small community about 20 miles from his home, had been robbed and severely beaten. He recovered from the first rage and then felt a wave of intense hatred for the two young blacks who had committed the robbery and beating. "Goddamn niggers ought to be shot on sight" he muttered in the empty room. Then his mind drifted back as the first shock emotions passed through his conscious mind and rippled to the dim recesses of memory where stored images were dislodged.

He visualized the brownwashed, small concrete block country store baking in the afternoon sun. He wasn't thinking of a particular day. Many half days had been spent sitting with his grandfather. They talked some (less now since the grandson had started college), but most of the time was spent whittling cedar wood and watching the sun move towards the horizon. The grandfather carved nothing in particular, he just seemed to enjoy watching the keen blade shave through the fragrant wood. Occasionally he raised the wood to his nose to take in the sweet sharp smell of wounded cedar. The grandson respected the silence and the tradition of carving nothing in particular although he could not peel with the precision of his grandfather.

The truck noise would begin as a low droning far up the road. It would gradually increase in pitch and volume until it filled the tiny concrete block structure as the diesel wave crested and passed heading towards the rotting, and no longer used, HARMONY COMMUNITY CENTER. At least two hundred trucks passed like that in an afternoon with tone color modified by the state of the tires, the size of the load, and the type of body.

The traffic passed the kudzu covered WELCOME TO HARMONY COMMUNITY sign now without slowing, thanks to Lorraine Smithfield. Lorraine had lived on the northern edge of Harmony, and one afternoon he had moved on to the highway in his pickup into the path of a Florida bound pink Cadillac with New York license plates. The driver of the Cadillac swerved off the road and clipped down the 45 mph speed zone sign which had never been replaced by the highway department.

Now cars and trucks passing through Harmony from North to South could travel at 60 mph, while those going from South to North still had to go 45. No one in Harmony seemed to care very much. The state highway department was too busy to notice the sign. They were working on the interstate highway which would parallel highway twelve and would remove Harmony from the main North-South route.

The grandson thought of the city people who stopped before the two pumps to have their Cadillacs, Chryslers, and Oldsmobiles filled with gas. They seldom bought anything from the store except cigarettes, cokes, or crackers. There really wasn't much else in the store now anyway. The sharecroppers had all left the land and the grandfather kept the store open now primarily as a meeting place for his friends.

Occasionally, the city folks would jump out of the car in a big hurry. The old man would meet their question, "Where is the bathroom?" with a grin on his face which was somewhere between the knowing sage and the cat who swallowed the canary. He would smile, jerk his thumb over his shoulder and say, "Back Yonder."

The facility was a two stall outdoor toilet poised over a gully which ran beside the railroad track. The grandson remembered the rough boards, the spiders, the darkness and the fecund, sometimes overpowering odor. The "tourist" never seemed to appreciate the toilet though, unless they didn't have to go all that bad and didn't have to use it.

Blue Glasscock who ran the store about five hundred yards back up the road had installed an indoor toilet a few years back. Grandfather could have told the people about Blue's toilet in response to questions about the distance to the next "facility", but he never did.

The grandson once asked him why he sent people down the road ten miles to the Exxon station in Fort Lawn. He had replied, with that characteristic grin on his face, "They asked for the *next one*. I didn't think they'ud want to turn back." The grandson was saddened as he realized that the old man might never play that trick again.

Blue, who got his name because he had been a "blue baby", was a modern man who changed with the times. He had put up a sign to advertise when the 45 mph sign had been knocked down. He sold castoff leavings of the old way of life to fat, huffing, perfumed wives. His store was cluttered with old milk cans, broken wagon wheels, dented kerosene lanterns, horse collars, hay rakes and other abandoned objects of the old way.

Glasscock was married but he and his wife had no children. They kept their store open every night until very late. They opened it at daybreak. The grandson wondered if they ever had time to copulate. "If you went into that store with a twenty-dollar bill and Christina Glasscock knew you had it and she couldn't get any of it, that woman would die," the grandfather had once said. "They've got a collection of gold money and such that they tote back and forth to that store every day. They won't leave it at the house because those darkies broke in once and cut their police dog's throat."

The grandfather could have sold the wreckage of country life too. The grandson never could decide whether the old man was just too lazy or whether he had too much respect for the dying way of life to sell broken parts of it to the victorious spoils seekers. The grandson liked to think the latter, but he also suspected that the money changing would have interfered with the grandfather's friends, his whittling and his peace of mind. He had chosen to let the old days die a peaceful death, to let the old friends gather at the store until one by one they could no longer drive or died. "What will they all do if he can't go back?" was the question that echoed in the grandson's mind.

The characters began to parade through the young man's brain just as they might have paraded through the store on that day that was the subject of his mother's letter. The old man in his battered blue pickup eased off the shoulder of highway twelve and into the sand and gravel of the half moon parking area wedged between the highway and the store.

The sun is coming up and the little mixed breed dog which had slept in the truck the night before jumps out. The dog follows as the old man opens the store, builds a fire in the warm morning stove, and sweeps the fifty-year-old dirt to the front of the store so that it can be tracked back during the day.

The young and middle aged men begin to gather at the store to wait for their car pool to assemble to drive twenty miles north to their jobs in the new fibers plant. After they leave, the old man has a mid morning snack of coke and cheese crackers. The dog catches a cracker or two pitched to him which is the signal to mount the truck and drive to the south pasture where the grandfather keeps the sixty beef cows that are his main source of income.

A caravan of impatient travelers accelerate as the flatbed truck shuttles to the shoulder of the highway. The old man opens the pasture gate and the dog bounds away after a real or imagined rabbit. After feeding the cows and having a leisurely open-air bowel movement, the grandfather returns to the store. The dog comes back via the railroad tracks later.

"Hell Everett, if we don't get some rain, this cotton is never gonna make!" announces the arrival of Don McPherson who stops by in his GMC three times a day on his nervous circle around his crops. He has cotton or soybeans planted on half of the agricultural land in the county. Grandfather now leases his cotton allotment to Don.

McPherson is an ageless, jittery man who had looked to be thirty-five for at least twenty years. He always looks worried, is always pessimistic about the weather, always wears a tractor company baseball style cap, and always buys a small coke which is abandoned after several finicky sips.

Weekdays, a battered pulp wood truck arrives at about twelve and spills its contents. A sun baked man in overalls with no shirt buys sardines, cheese and saltines which he eats standing up. The simple meal is washed down and the quiet lumberjack leaves, not suspecting the drama that is about to be acted out in the cluttered, dark little store.

The old man and the dog share a meal much like the pulp wood man's shortly after the truck lumbers away. The grandfather slices cheese from the big slab of cheddar in the meat cooler. A chunk of baloney cut from a long tube is added to the cheese and saltines on a piece of wax paper spread on a crate near the warm morning. A pocket knife wiped on the pants leg serves as the only utensil. The dog catches each morsel of his portion pitched from the air.

Any customer who has the misfortune to come in during the meal meets indifference to inquiries about products for sale. Those who know the old man understand that he is not to be trifled with while he is eating; those who do not leave in a huff. It is all the same to him.

When the meal is finished, the paper is wadded and placed in the warm morning and the pocket knife is scraped off on the edge of the crate and wiped on the pants leg. The dog follows the grandfather to the front of the store where the pocket knife is properly purged on the cedar meant to be a post in a field.

Mr. Lowry Thompson, the slow walking, slow talking, retired dairy farmer who lives about a mile away in the massive columned house supposedly built by slave labor drives up just after lunch to deliver some corn. He always has garden vegetables two weeks ahead of everyone else in Harmony, and he always delivers a basket to everyone in the community. He usually leaves it on the back door steps so that he will not have to endure being thanked.

The grandson chuckled as he thought of the old man who was so self-conscious about not speaking to people. He remembered the afternoon when Thompson, flustered and embarrassed, had actually rushed (he seldom rushed for anything) back out of the store to speak to a woman whom he had not recognized on his way in. He realized his mistake when he saw her husband inside.

John Garrett is sent to the store early in the afternoon by his wife. John used to meet Mr. Grady at the store and the two of them would go to the river and fish all day for carp. The grandson had gone with them once and had been very bored. The two had just slept with their fishing line wrapped around their fingers.

Mr. Grady is dead now so John comes to the store less often. He lives with his wife, a herd of cows and a collie dog about two miles from the store. John had once been a quick smiling old man who loved to tell stories about the old days, but the death of Mr. Grady had sapped a little of his zest for life. The grandson remembers that panama hat set on the shock of white hair and tried to picture Garrett on a ship. Grandfather once said that Garrett was retired from the navy.

According to the letter, the last person to see the grandfather on that afternoon had been Son Smith. Son walks to the store every day at about two and usually stayed for about an hour. He had killed a Black man during a card game or exchange of corn liquor about twenty years ago. He had been committed for a short time to the State mental hospital before he escaped to live up North. Now he lives alone in the old family house and piddles about in a garden. His neighbors are scared to death of him for they all know that he is still quite insane. He and the grandfather are great friends.

"Well, Son, we'll be gettin' our social security checks tomorrow." "Yeah Everett, but I don't know what for. I ain't cashed the last one yet." Son didn't need much. He can't drive, and the only place he ever goes is to the store and the Baptist church on Sundays. The church bus picks him up each week and women in the community often take him meals.

After Son left at three there was about an hour when no one came to the store. A few years before Son's brother L. R. might have come up to swig from the bottle that grandfather had kept hidden for him, but L. R. had died from cirrhosis of the liver. Others would have gathered to play checkers and tell stories, but they too had died or no longer could get to the store. So the grandfather was alone from three to four. He had set that time aside to read the *Baptist Courier* and farm magazines.

According to the letter from his mother, the robbery occurred at three-thirty. She had been to see her father in the hospital, and the letter to her son contained the details that she had been able to piece together from talking with the old man.

"Your grandfather was alone in his store Thursday afternoon at about three when two young Blacks (the old man would have said "darkies") entered to buy a pack of cigarettes. They left and came back a few minutes later. Blue Glasscock said that he saw them take the road that goes to the river where they must have taken their tags off. Your grandfather said the he looked up from what he was reading when the door was kicked open, and found that he was looking down the barrel of a gun . . ."

The grandson began to visualize the scene from the skimpy details in his mother's letter.

The two were probably passing through or were down from the city north of Harmony. They perhaps had decided to rob the old man on an impulse when they found him alone.

They had robbed small stores before. The strategy was simple and effective. Cut the phone to prevent notification of the police, render the victim unable to pursue and be quick.

The letter said that they had rushed him and struck him with a pistol butt. One had then run around behind the counter, emptied the cash register and cut the phone wires while the other one took the old man's wallet and asked him where the rest of the money way.

The two had then joined forces to kick the old man about as part of the strategy and for the sheer pleasure of it, "Clockwork Orange" style. According to the letter, the one with the knife had held the grandfather up by his hair and pressed the knife to his throat. He had told the old man that he was going to "fix him so he couldn't talk". They didn't cut his throat, and they had left as abruptly as they had come.

Don Francini had found a blood stained *Baptist Courier* on the floor beneath the body of the old man. The grandson thought of Francini as the tears began to roll down his cheek. Francini was an Italian who had part interest in a nightclub in New York City. He had married a southern girl and now they had moved to the south to be with her mother.

Everyone laughed at Don Francini with his terrible New York Italian accent, but they accepted him. They kidded him in a good natured way about the new shotgun that he had bought and did not know how to shoot, the new tractor which he did not know how to drive, and the horse that he did not know how to ride.

The story was common enough thought the young college student. One reads it every day in the paper. The same basic plot line might have been part of the thieves who died with Jesus. It was the wild west with the car instead of a horse for the getaway. But somehow, he had never been able to picture his grandfather as a character in the story. There had been close calls before, and the store had been burglarized at night, but somehow he had trusted that thieves only went after the greedy miserly types like Blue or the common faced storekeepers that one met in quick markets everyday. The others were part of the machinery of life, but the old man should have been invunerable.

He thought of the way of life that was changing around that bastion of timelessness that had been the store. Ten years before the pent-up violence of the Black community would never have been released on a white storekeeper, for the society would not have tolerated the breach, would not have permitted black violence to white. The young Black would not have a car; they would have been too intimidated to try the robbery; or people would have been in the store. Times had changed.

He wondered if the old man would go back to the store and a new set of images began to flash in his mind. He saw himself as a small boy playing out behind the store. The grandfather had stood at the back door watching and had lighted a nickle pack of firecrackers and pitched them behind the unsuspecting child.

EGOS

I am better than you.
See how the sun, with
auburn hint,
plays in my lustrous locks –
happier than in yours.
My eyes are prettier than yours –
prettier, and they sparkle.
Because I'm happy
to be better than you.
Your poetry is lousy.
I can't understand it.
I can understand mine.
That means it's better.
My poetry is better than yours.
I bet
you're eating your heart out.

CHANGES

I

Tick Tick Tick
measures out my life.
Hour is here. Then gone.
Then there.

II

Drank the tea.
It was boiling
somewhere in the past.
Not here.

III

Sadness comes.
And sadness goes.
Where?

IV

What happened to my
can of beer?
Somewhere it was cold,
and now it's
an ash tray.
Here it's an ash tray.
Mister Time, you're lying.
I am everywhere.

An argument that had to start somewhere and does not seem to want an end. (due to circumstances)

The emphasis is being authentic, or being an individual; or an individual should be his true self: that, not to be one's true self, is alienation from one's true nature. This is true as it is possible, that man can survive without having to think out, solve, and understand his problem of existence, and without having to relate the world to his true self,; as the true self holds the capacity of understanding (among other things). (How many jobs are there that one merely needs to know how to follow orders).

However, to say that one should be; is to say that freedom does, or should exist, allowing one the choice of: being either authentic or unauthentic; being true to one's self or deceiving one's self; or that one is free to be his self or free to choose a sanctioned societal role in which vital decisions have been made. In other words, one must be free to choose himself in order to be himself,as it is possible for him not to be himself.

Problem: what sort of freedom is needed in order for one to be authentic?

Freedom of thought and actions, would allow one to experiment, in order to discover and find those thoughts and actions, that are most like his self (this is assuming that one is willing to think and to act and to attempt understanding and comprehension of his world). But my freedom is limited by the existence of individuals around me. Individuals on which my physical existence depends and by whom I am allowed to exist. In order for these individuals to exist as true selves, I must assume an attitude which allows them the necessary freedom to be themselves; an attitude of tolerance, acceptance, trust, understanding and of respect (respect being a primary principle.) In otherwords, a friend has the amount of freedom in a relationship, that one's attitude allows:that freedom depends on your attitude towards me and mine towards you.

However, accepting this kind of attitude is only the beginning of the problem (for some). For acceptance with trust (which is not analagous to agreement) of another's actions, is not an easy step. For, as we are all individuals, (whether authentic or inauthentic) the reasons for one's actions are not always communicable and the tendency of human nature is to fear and distrust which cannot be understood.

Who can be trusted? I will assume that an individual who is conscious of his self, gained this consciousness through a high degree of honesty to his self. To be honest with one's self, demands a high degree of honesty with others. In other words, if two are substantially honest, then there is a good chance that a feeling of trust can be generated between them, allowing each a freedom towards authenticity: and should the two be compatable in nature, or character, the relationship might even encourage authenticity.

An example of limiting someone's freedom

If I should expect a policeman to act like a pig: then my feelings (feelings being a real and tangible occurrence) makes it more difficult for him to act any other

way than as a pig. This is not to say that if I expect him to be friendly, that he will – We must, however, begin somewhere.

As freedom is necessary or essential to being one's true self; and providing for another's freedom is essentially providing for your own: then I would argue that the attitude of allowing freedom of thought and action in relationships with others as an authentic self.

However, whose freedom is to be observed in conflicting interest? Should the interest of two individuals exercising their freedom of will, conflict; I would venture to say that the freedom to be observed is determined by the interest having the highest authenticity. Agreement on this ground, however, is possible, only if the two are honest to themselves, each other, and respect and listen to each other. This sort of problem shows the need for authentic elders and the resolution for agreement. (One might consider the possibility, that with a deep understanding of any situation, the rightness and wrongness of the matter would become obvious).

As a resolve, I would like to suggest that the most important aspect of freedom: and that the fact of the natural limitations of the physical body; (mobility, the stomach, old age, death) suggest that any true freedom of the self, overreaches any conception of physical freedom.

Vocabulary

Authentic - one who does things himself: Authoritative; Trustworthy; Reliable: Genuine: Real

Comprehend - to grasp mentally or to understand

Free - able to act or think without arbitrary restriction: Able to move in any direction;

Freedom - a being free from the usual rules, conventions, etc. Frankness: Straightforwardness:

Frankness - free in expressing what one thinks or feels

Understand - to get or perceive the meaning of: to know clearly or fully the (true) nature, character, etc. of

Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language

The Journal will be sponsoring three contests in the next issue. The Helmus Poetry contest is offering $25.00 for first place, $10.00 for second place and $5.00 for third place.

The Samuel Dibble Photography contest received an anonymous letter offering $50.00 if it can be matched with another $50.00, for an overall first purchase award.

The W. L. Pugh Short Story contest offers $10.00 for first place. We, of the *Journal* staff, look forward to seeing many entries.

THE JOURNAL

JOURNAL STAFF

Editor / Johnny James

Editorial Advisors / Tommy Carlisle
Lance Leonhirth
Clay Sherrill

Editorial Assistants / Bill Taylor
Colin Campbell
Scott Strickler

The **Journal** *is published four times during the academic year — in October, December, March and May — by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. The magazine is supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Mr. Frank Anderson is advisor.*

CONTENTS MAY 1974 VOL. LXXXVI No. 4

POETRY

2	LOOK LIKE HIM TO ME	Anon
3	GHOSTED	Lance Leonhirth
3	RUFUS MICHAEL WHITTENBURG IS DEAD	Alex Duthie
4	THE MAGIC BOATMAN	Alex Duthie
6	THE LOSER	Bob Nichols
7	ATHENIAN JAILBREAK	Bob Nichols
8	THE ROMANTIC	Susan Seegars
	SEVENS	Anon
10	TAIL LIGHTS	Keith Walker
11	DIAGRAM	Linda Yaden
13	GRAY COAT ROMANCE	Mickey Pierce

PROSE

15	THE TRANSFORMER	Larry Jenkins
23	MORNING GLORY	

ESSAY

25	AWARENESS OF EXISTENTIAL RESPONSIBILITY	Tom Grigsby

PHOTOGRAPHY

1	PHOTOGRAPH	Bruce Sheerer
5	PHOTOGRAPH	Anon
9	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
12	PHOTOGRAPH	Ziggy Clayton
14	PHOTOGRAPH	Mark Reid
22	PHOTOGRAPH	Mark Crenshaw
COVER DESIGN		Bill Peck

1

LOOKS LIKE HIM TO ME

Star high . . .
We walked parallel lines above the trees
Stopped and dangled our feet in the soothing
green foilage.

Refreshed . . .
We walked on to a higher plain
Where we met a descending man
Clutching a ticket in one hand
And balloons in the other.

He grinned and asked,
"Are you just leaving the circus?"

GHOSTED

The sand is idle,
all that's left are mourning mountains,
molten heat and numbing nights.
Liquid shadows soak the sand
which was once sifted for gold.
The prospectors are gone;
they've left the moon an abandoned desert.
Honky tonks and casinoes have died of thirst,
there are no more soloons on the moon.

RUFUS MICHAEL WHITTENBERG IS DEAD

Rufus Michael Whittenberg is dead,
Eyes still and lifeless
In muddy dredged waters.
Silent, unmourning.
Lost without a grasp
On Time.
And Rufus Michael Whittenberg is dead.
Please mind the ropes;
No, don't come near,
For beauty is slithering slowly
From the hold of twelve uncertain summers
Lying molded in the Stone Lake depths.
But show us loss unto the night,
For really, in the space of Time,
Could Rufus wrest the whirlpools from the seas
And turn tomorrow tides?
Nor was he born St. Vitus, for lonely people
Praying sleep
So do not weep
And do not cry;
For Rufus Michael Whittenberg was born to die.
(And Rufus Michael Whittenberg is dead).

THE MAGIC BOATMAN

I meet you every evening when the powder moon is high
Staring at the water's edge where treetops are the sky,
Take me, magic lady, on your waterway of light,
Glide me o'er the crystal glaze where endless stars shine bright.

I build my fire at nightfall near the overhanging trees,
And wait for you to whisper through the gently sifting breeze
I turn around and see the misty moonlight on your face
Then feel you pull me closer in your ever-warm embrace.

So ferry me to distant lands, to distant skies of gray,
And let us watch the aging flowers sleep their warmth away.
Not rosebud necklace, pearl, nor stone, could lure me from my dreams
Of haze-hushed glades and glowing jades and tingling silver streams.

Your touch is tender as the night, your heart filled with desire,
But from my eyes the tears run free, my time shall soon expire;
The hour for homeward songs is near, amid our rainbow hands –
We'll meet again the next new dusk I tread your magic sands.

THE LOSER

While driving by,
I watched them . . .
Playing ping pong under that
single, unshaded light bulb
That dangled from the garage ceiling rafter,
And flickered as a candlefly
darted to and fro before its beam.
For an hour or so, they played,
and seemed to be politely involved.
They laughed about the things
they'd done together
many, many long years ago,
In a life that had somehow passed them by.
But at least, they had done them.
The game finished.
The pot-bellied man on the right had won,
and always laughed louder than the other;
but then, he was the winner.
With a slap on the shoulder,
he flicked out the light bulb.
The candlefly flew away,
and I was alone in the
loneliness.

ATHENIAN JAILBREAK

"Why, I've died!"
he cried,
As he drank the wine.
"Free at last to see and touch
and understand the things
I could never have known before.
I was alive, you say;
But death goes by many names,
except its own."
The sky fell,
and he smiled.
He watched them close the door.
And the morning became the night.

THE ROMANTIC

Time slipped away
  before we could squeeze through the door
And our dreams never came true.
The unrelenting embrace and desparate kiss
  melted into memories
    of what could have been
    of what used to be?
Yet, even though you are so long-ago
    and forever far away
my love remains . . . .
                still

SEVENS

in it
get in it
and spin
spin in it and stop
with it if you can

cast those pebbles onto the wheel
three fingers to struggle
against the image of forward and back
frost red then black
then drop like tumblers
the digits dialed at last

TAIL LIGHTS

Ember pairs stream –
Sucked in the wake
Of crawling day-wedges.

Shrinking, they stack
Weave, then cluster
Like burning pyracantha berries.

One, then another, slide
And drop into tar pools.
Then the flame flock rises –
Blood-starts swimming onblack –
Like a silent
Night-coaster.

Closer, they smoulder deep,
Like the dying-sun gaze
From the grate-masked cavity
Of a sooted iron stove.

They pass in slow trance
The crystal magna glows
Through the pilot slit –
Jewelled ether,

Like the sun
Trapped in a jar
Of melting rubies.

1st prize / Helmus Poetry Contest

DIAGRAM

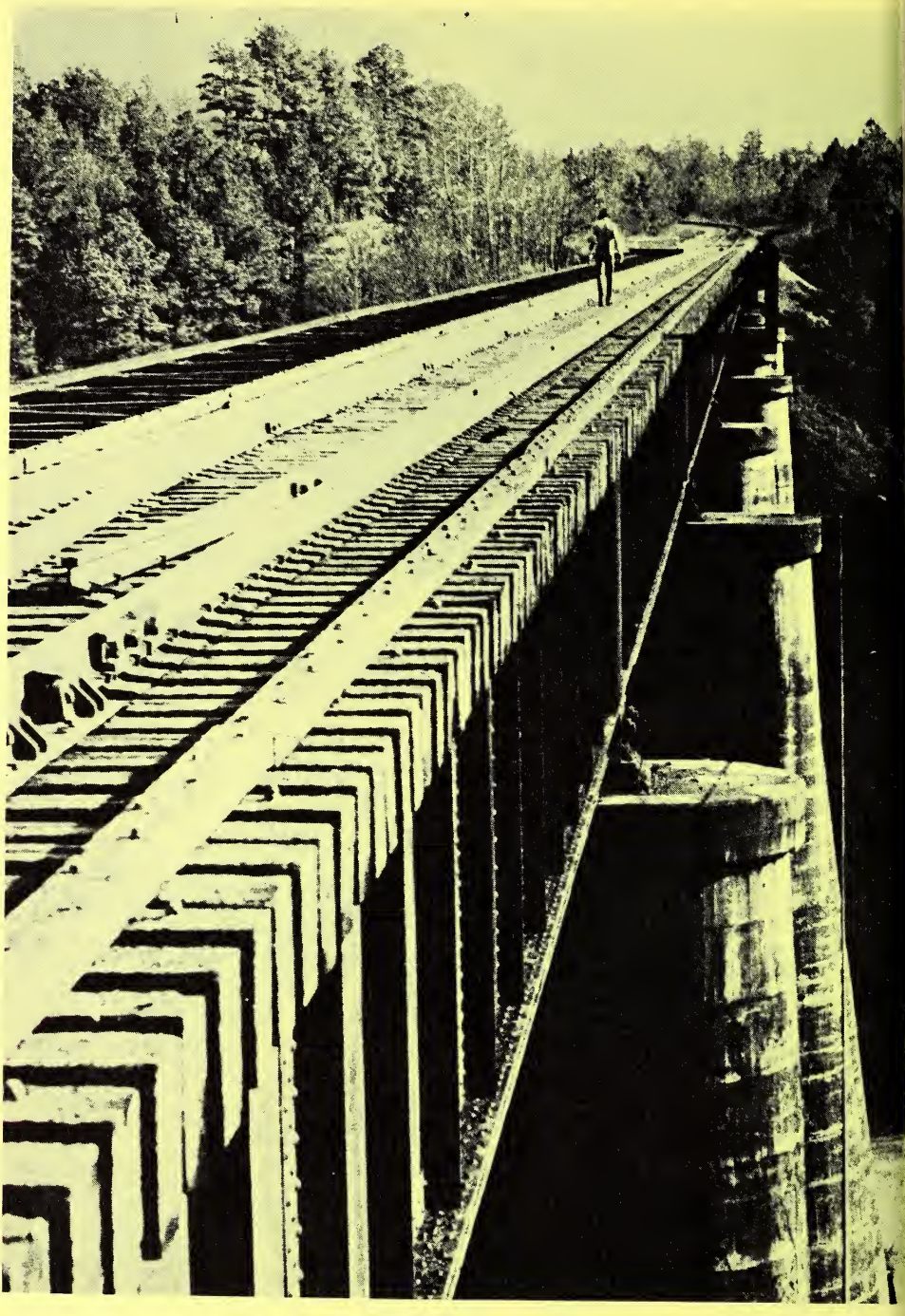
Child I was not so long ago
with hand cupped around jaw
watching white chalk
draw long, steep, intersecting
lines.
Abstract nouns, words of no
concrete meaning, voice said
while chalk punched
pointedly; and heads
nodded in profound agreement.

2nd prize / Helmus Poetry Contest

GRAY COAT ROMANCE

And we come to the point of asking why it happened
You sit there and stare at me
Expecting me to give the answers,
There's no way to keep this up.
By looking in your eyes I see the reflection of
yesterday but with no promise of any tomorrow
The bland color of the walls fill my eyes and mind
till I am suddenly carried away-
The screeching of the wooden legs of your chair
across the dirt laden tile floor brings me back
to our time.
I turn to see your gray coat flash before the glass-smudged
AIR CONDITIONED-OPEN TILL NINE door;
I know it is over and time for me to go.

2nd prize / Helmus Poetry Contest



Honorable mention
Samuel Dibble

THE TRANSFORMER

THE HOT SUN beat down on Lee as he drove home from school, that long, heart-breaking Monday. Why had Hal made such a fool of himself at the club party? Lee idolized Hal and was completely crushed by Hal's actions. Hal was such a leader in school activities. He was a member of the National Honour Society and had served as president of several clubs. Lee had complete faith in Hal and never doubted him. *Perhaps it was this intense worship that led to Lee's disillusionment with life.*

To strangers, Lee's reaction might have seemed incredibly innocent. They might find it difficult to believe that Lee was really so naive and vulnerable. Lee's friends, however, knew that his actions were sincere. Students and faculty alike knew that they could rely on Lee. He had never failed them. Life was very serious in Lee's eyes. Perhaps this was a weakness in his character because whenever something troubled one of his friends, even if it was very trival, it troubled him.

The chatter about the club party could be heard all over the school. Two girls were gossiping about the boys, wondering who Lee would ask.

"He's such a self-conscious person. You really don't quite know how to act when you're with him."

"You're telling me. He took me to a party one time and started talking about his church activities. I really found out how dedicated he was to the church and knew that I couldn't expect much sex."

At that remark, the girls chuckled.

"Oh, I wouldn't criticize him for that; but I agree that the church seems to be the major thing that motivates his life," said one girl.

"That's the entire point. He's wrapped up in the church so much that he hasn't tasted the world yet. It's his parents fault. They've sheltered him from the realities of life. *He lives in an unrealistic fantasy world where evil doesn't exist.*"

"You're right; but the people of the church really admire, respect, and like him. They look at him as the perfect example of youth. Unfortunately, he's not," the girl further commented.

"Look how devoted he is to his friends. He lives for his friends, not himself. He *never* sees anything wrong with them. They could really take advantage of him if they wanted to."

Lee entered the class with his closest friends. They were among the most influential students in the school and Lee usually felt inferior to them. They were a group of four different life styles undivided in loyalty. His oldest friend, Terry Jennings was probably the most similar. They shared the same moral convictions and many of the same interests.Terry always attained the mark of excellence in anything he tried, where Lee was lucky to get by. He was also popular and made friends very easily. Lee was more selective in the people he associated with. Their friendship seemed to fade because Lee began to feel that he was just another person in the crowd of Terry's friends.

Don Sellers was a complex but interesting person, who was the complete opposite of Lee when it came to personalities, ambitions, and convictions and yet Lee felt that they had much in common. Don was always trying to find answers to life's problems, a preoccupation that Lee also shared. Both boys had an adventurous spirit but Lee could never quite figure out anything that was on Don's mind.

There was one special friend that Lee valued above all, Hal Mason. Lee modeled his life after Hal and always looked at their similarities. They had often discussed religions and deep philosophical questions. Lee, on occasion, disagreed with Hal but usually the discrepancy was over some small detail and didn't cause much debate. Lee felt subordinate to Hal in many respects. He was sure that Hal possessed superior intellect and musicianship.

Their relation began many years ago when they both signed up for musical instruction. Years went by and they really had become great friends and established themselves as first rate musicians. By now, Lee felt that he knew Hal. *In Lee's life Hal was almost perfect; almost God.*

The time for the party approached and the boys were asking the girls. Lee made a surprising but not totally unexpected move. When the bell rang for adjournment of another day Lee was waiting at Sylvia Brown's locker.

"Sylvia. Have you been asked to the club party yet?"

"No."

"Well, I thought that if you weren't waiting for another invitation, you would go with me. I'd really like to take you. I'm sure we would have a great time", Lee sounded somewhat awkward and restrained.

"That would really be great but I promised our next door neighbor that I would help her until 8:30 that night. You know, she's an old lady who has been having so much trouble lately."

"Oh, I understand – but, AH, the party doesn't start really until 10. Remember, they are having a dance first, so we could still make the party."

"Yeah, I could be ready in an hour if I left my hair in curlers while at our neighbor's. That would be *great*!"

"Then I'll pick you up at your house about 9:30."

"Fine."

"O. K."

Sylvia was the club's publicity treasurer. She was somewhat plain but Lee admired the way that she worked for the club and although he knew very little about her, he was sure that they would really hit off together.

So much had to be done in order to get ready for the party, it seemed like only a few minutes had passed until it was time to pick Sylvia up.

"Goodness, you really look nice!" Lee said as Sylvia opened the door.

"So do you". She responded.

Lee escorted Sylvia to the car and they headed for the party. The club house was out in the country and would take some time. Sylvia could see the excitement in Lee's eyes. Everyone would be dressed in formals. The anticipation was ecstatic.

There was noticeable humidity in the air for it had rained the previous day. The sky was cloudy and black and the long country road seemed isolated and evil as if a monster lurked behind the grove of trees on the sides of the road or perhaps this monster was just ahead – waiting for them. Finally some light could be seen out of the darkness. The car was approaching the entrance gate, a huge impressive, pre-civil war structure. The brightly lit clubhouse could now be seen. As they approached the clubhouse they could hear laughing and loud music. They reached the massive wooden door; there must have been more than a hundred people crowded into the house. Lee took Sylvia's wrap and placed it in the closet. They foyer was packed and conversation was lively.

"Has Hal arrived?" Lee asked of a member.

"Oh yes. He's been here some time and is absolutely having a ball. You will never believe some of the things that he's been doing."

Lee was apprehensive because of the tone the member used in describing Hal's actions. Lee's heart began to beat faster. He didn't know what was going on but he sensed that something was wrong. He made his way through the large jumbled crowd to the fireplace. There he saw a sight that he would never forget. Hal was standing at the fireplace obviously intoxicated. He was moving his body in a disgusting, vulgar manner. A surge of intense emotion rushed to Lee's brain. He did not know how to react. His heart was beating so hard his chest hurt. He wanted to scream but he couldn't; he wanted to cry but he couldn't. Hal eyed Lee and started to stagger over toward him. Lee was frozen to the floor; his heart stopped periodically. Hal tripped and fell. The crowd roared hysterically with laughter. Hal was the center of attention. He slithered on the floor and looked at Lee. Lee, visibly shook by the incident rushed out of the house.

A few moments passed and Sylvia, now unescorted, obtained her wrap and went outside in search of Lee. He was standing by a tree, motionless. Sylvia called out Lee's name and they left.

The next day Lee didn't do anything. He ignored all plans and appointments. He tried to rationalize Hal's unprecedented behavior. Was this the same person Lee had trusted, admired, and respected so completely? His entire outlook on life had changed because of Hal's actions.

On Sunday Lee participated in his usual habit of attending church. He had always enjoyed going but today was different. The service didn't seem the same. There was no message – no meaning. He felt empty and numb. Lee couldn't get last Friday's events out of his head. He began reevaluating the role of the church. What was the purpose of life? *Disappointments*

Lee went to school Monday. His friends noticed the pale, blank look on his face. No one asked him if anything was wrong. They knew what was wrong. The bell rang for sixth period to begin. Lee went to band. The director had some other business to attend to and had called off rehearsal. Lee sat in his chair looking at the floor. He glanced over at Hal and noticed that Hal was looking at him; Lee returned to his floor watching. A few minutes passed and Hal came over and started to talk to Lee.

"I guess I know what's bothering you." Hal said somewhat sympathetically. Lee just sat there.

"Lee, don't be so upset at me. There's no defense for my actions, nor should there be. I've just changed. I guess our relationship won't be the same but surely we'll still be the very best of friends."

What a series of cliches. Lee thought. "Why did you . act in such a manner?" Lee blurted out.

"Hell, can't you realize that the world doesn't turn according to your plans and specifications?"

Lee, disgusted, got up and left.

The school day was over. Life had to be reevaluated as well as Lee's entire set of values because they had always been modeled after Hal. Several people told Lee that he was being entirely too hard on Hal. *Why couldn't anyone understand that his hero had fallen?* Lee felt that he had no friends. He didn't have anyone to talk to. He couldn't turn anywhere.

Weeks passed and a gradual change took place in Lee's life. He became unresponsive. He would go to class and just sit. Hal came up to Lee one day and insisted that they talk; Lee agreed. Hal said that he would take back everything that happened at the clubhouse that night if he had the power to do it. Lee listened but it was all hypothetical. Hal was talking to a wall. He felt that he had done everything in his power to get Lee out of this task. Lee continued to walk aimlessly through life.

Gradually no one even attempted to talk to Lee. He had become a loner. The months passed and school was dismissed. Summer passed, and school began. The parking lot was unusually crowded on registration day. An air of excitement was prevalent on the school grounds. Many people were seeing friends for the first time since last spring. Lee sat alone in his car. The bell rang, there was a rush to the auditorium, for this was where the students were to pick up their schedule cards. Lee walked slowly down the dull green corridor. He sat in the back of the auditorium until his name was called to get the card. A list of routine information was on the card. He went to all the assigned classes and ended up in the band room; there he saw many new students who were beginning their high school music experience. There was a new band director. Lee looked around the room and happened to notice a skinny, dark haired boy. Although Lee had been rather isolated the last four months he decided that it was time to rejoin the world.

"Hello. I'm Lee Jennings." Lee felt funny and awkward as he told the boy his name for Lee had become very introverted as well as lonely since last spring.

"I'm Jim Carter."

"Well, we've got a new band director again this year. I've had four different ones in the last four years. It's been so hard trying to get used to so many different personalities." Lee said.

"I guess so."

"Are you a sophomore?"

"Yeah."

"Jim, how do you like our school?"

"It's pretty good. There seems to be a lot going on here."

"Yeah," Lee agreed.

Lee could open up and talk to Jim even though he didn't know much about Jim. A few weeks passed and Lee and Jim developed a very strong friendship. Lee had found someone to talk and share common ideas with. The duo was different in many ways but each of their needs seemed to compensate for the differences.

"There's going to be a great band at the gym tonight. Would you like to go?" Lee asked.

"Yeah. I've heard a little about them. They're supposed to be rather good."

Lee and Jim were talking further about the band when Roy, a curly haired sophomore, walked up and joined them. He asked if they were going to the gym. Lee said that they were. Roy then asked if he could go with them. Lee was a little apprehensive about this *invader* in his relationship with Jim. But Jim said that it would be fun if Roy went along because something crazy was always happening to Roy. Lee didn't know the least bit about Roy but since Jim favored the idea Lee agreed to take Roy along.

For the first time in over four months, Lee could really feel happy inside. His happiness wasn't caused by anything supernatural or mystical, simply the result of Jim's friendship. Lee was determined that nothing would interfere in their friendship. He felt that Jim was a real friend that would not let him down. Nevertheless, experience had taught Lee not to look to Jim as super-human. Lee felt that life held no more surprises. He had certainly changed his way of thinking when it came to idolizing people.

Lee picked up Jim at seven; then Jim directed Lee to Roy's house. Roy was waiting outside. As they began to drive off Lee said, "The band is really good. I know several of the members. They have been playing for years. "What time have I got to get this bunch home?" Lee asked.

"Twelve." Jim replied.

"I've got to be home at eleven-thirty", Roy said.

The car pulled into the gym parking lot. A large crowd had come causing difficulty finding a good parking place. They were walking toward the gym and Roy began the conversation.

"Let's go to the *Transformer* tonight around ten."

"What!" exclaimed Lee. "That's a beer joint."

"Yeah. We want to get a couple of beers before going home, and besides, *everybody* goes out there."

"You're crazy if you think I'm going out there."

"But Jim wants to go too."

"Really?" Lee asked and looked directly at Jim.

"Yeah, come on Lee. Let's go." Jim answered.

For some reason Lee seemed to expect an incident of this nature to reoccur. "I just know that something will happen that gets us all in trouble." Lee said in hopes of avoiding the situation.

"Nothing will happen. Don't worry. We'll be there only a few minutes," said Roy.

The band was playing a popular rock number. *D.O.A.*, when it was time to leave. Lee hand't been able to enjoy the concert at all, thinking about the *Transformer*. The night was cool and pleasant and the moon was shining brightly in a dark blue sky. Lee could see the lights of the bar just ahead. He didn't say very much while driving and didn't appear to even hear the other boy's conversation. They finally reached the place. The parking lot was extremely crowded but, ironically, there was a parking place on the first row nearest the establishment. Lee cut off the car and said that he would wait for them.

"You've got to get them." Roy said.

"What?"

"We don't look old enough."

"But I've never done this before." There was a pause and then Lee said, "What do you want?"

"Get me three *Buds,"* Roy said.

"I'll have three *Millers*, Lee," said Jim.

"Be sure to get the kind in bottles."

They gave Lee the money and he hurried to the building. As he reached the building he noticed the large number of people and was surprised at how many people he knew. He then reached the counter and said, "Give me three *Buds,* three *Millers*, and a *Mountain Dew*.

"Yes sir . . . . Will that be all?"

"Yes. Thanks." Lee answered. He almost wished that the clerk had asked for some identification for he would not be eighteen until next month. Just as he was about to leave the building several people noticed Lee and yelled for him to stop. "Oh my God!" Lee thought. His heart stopped completely but to his surprise the people didn't ridicule him; they welcomed him. Lee didn't know how to react to the response due to his presence. He rushed back to the car where his friends waited.

"Here's the stuff."
"Thanks."

Lee got the car started and decided to drive around for a while. He drove the car down a long country road. The road was filled with many curves but eventually leveled out. The night air felt so good. Lee was surprised at his feelings – rather peaceful and content.

"I can't drink this other beer. You want it Lee?" Roy asked trying to show some type of gesture.

"I don't think so; not while I'm driving."

"I'll drink it," Jim said.

"Goodness, you can really drink them Jim. I had no idea."

The night was long but enjoyable. Lee was relieved when he heard the last bottle hit the road. Lee dropped Roy hom, then Jim.

"I really had a good time Lee. Thanks. Let's go out tomorrow."

"O.K."

1st prize / Samuel Dibble Photography purchase award

MORNING GLORY

The Morning Glory was not always a flower which blooms by night and sleeps by day, companion to the sightless bat. It was once a young maiden with tresses of spun silk and eyes of blue lavender. Her name was Gloria, for glory she was to all who beheld her or conversed with her. In the silvery tongue of Kordana she excelled even her father, Sarsarious, in oratory and the interweaving of words.

Sarsarious was the sun-god whose fiery face is forever illuminating and dominating the heavens. He was powerful and proud yet he loved his daughter. In Gloria he saw the same proud spirit which her mother, Luna, had possessed. Gloria was two when her mother was slain in battle fighting at her husband's side. The memory of the fertile valleys of the moon was lost to Gloria. She had only the cold reflection of the sun's rays to show her the dead ember of Luna's being.

As Sarsarious watched the seasons pass he became troubled that with his death his deeds would pass from the minds of men and women. He resolved therefore that Gloria would marry his sister's son, Boran. Thus his legacy and name would not be forgotten and his deeds would live after his demise.

To publicize his intention he convened in the Great Hall representatives of the nine planets over which he ruled. After welcoming them he suavely announced the impending marriage of Gloria and Boran.

As the words sunk into the startled audience Gloria rose from her marble seat and in a tightly controlled voice hurled out that she did not wish to marry Boran and that the decision of whom to marry was hers. At this unexpected rebuke Sarsarious drew himself upright and in a voice that would chill ice said: "You will obey me in this!"

"Never!" With her refusal ringing in the air she turned and strode out.

As she was pacing in the garden Boran slipped up and in whisper shrill from liquor mocked her defiance. He gurgled over their coming marriage and assured her he would be a most devoted husband. In his hyperactive state the liquor took an immediate effect and he suddenly pitched forward and floundered spasmotically on the ground.

Knowing that he father's will was irrefutable she raged at his high-handness. "This is what my father desires for a son-in-law? Let him have this swill-pot then, I will have none of him!"

Her eyes fell on the sword hilt protruding from Boran's hip. With a decisive air she stooped and pulled the sword from its scabbard. Squaring her stance she raised the blade and with a swift stroke brought it down across his bull neck. The head parted from the shoulders and rolled to a stop a few yards away. The face was turned upward and it bore the imprint of lunacy: eyes wide, nostrils dilated, mouth gaping open, tongue hanging out and saliva dripping down the cheeks.

Turning she began walking as one in a dream, never stopping until she was in the center of the banquet hall. Raising the bloodied sword she addressed Sarsarious: "I righted the wrong you did me." As the last words were spoken she fell into a swoon.

When she next opened her eyes it was near dawn and she perceived that her form had been changed. Although she could not speak she could hear. The wind soon brought her snatches of a song now being sung by the minstrels of Kordana. It told of Gloria, who in defying her father's decree had killed her cousin. Coming into her father's presence she had revealed her deed and castigated her father's actions. As her body sank onto the floor the king had bolted from his throne and hurled an oath at the crumpled body: "That I would never see thy face again, thy wicked daughter!"

As the words left his mouth Sarsarious was filled with grief and black remorse, for truly only the dead never see the face of the sun. He had decried his daughter's death. With a barely suppressed moon he rushed over to her and gathered Gloria in his arms.

As he was seeking to revive his daughter a guardsman entered carrying by the hair the loathsome head of Boran. Looking at the foul and bloody mask of lunacy Sarsarious screamed his despair to the moon. With bowed head he hugged the motionless form of his daughter to him and kept mumbling the fatal words over and over like some pagan chant.

Finally, as the hour of dawn drew near, his thoughts stumbled over the vining flower who never saw the sun. It was his only hope and at least she would still have life although he would never see her again. Carrying her outside he laid her on the ground and invoking the power of the sun he transformed his daughter into the vining flower. She was found later by a human and because she was the glory of the morning the human called her the Morning Glory.

AWARENESS OF EXISTENTIAL RESPONSIBLITY

Responsible for what?

One of the first ways existentialism was described to me was the assumption of responsibility for one's actions.

However, I would argue that the primary action for those who wish their existence to continue, is to eat; an act of living. But how much work must I do in order to warrant my having eaten. Unfortunately it is not within my ability at the moment to provide the statistics that shows how many hours a day on an efficient farm, that it takes to feed one individual; and how many hours a day, per year, it takes to process fibers in order to provide enough clothing for an individual. In any case, to eat and be warm is to be responsible for having done the work necessary to provide for these needs.

Money seems to be the abstraction through which one accepts his responsibility. In paying for one's food, he has theoretically worked for what he has gotten.

The principle I am trying to argue is that one must work an average of so many hours a day, the kind of work that provides for vital needs, in order to have been responsible for having eaten that day. Not to have done so is to have burdened another individual with one's responsibility and in turn becoming responsible for that individual not being free to have the time to pursue a willful desire, through which he might become a more authentic being, or through which he may lead a happier existence.

But it seems to be a legitimate argument that if one does not know what is necessary to provide the food and shelter by which he exist, then he does not exist. This perhaps, is lending to the argument of one's having a physical life for a purpose. (that there is meaning to be found in living, as opposed to the accident theory) that 600 million years of biological evolution has happened by accident. The argument is, that there is a reason for my being alive, that reason being, that I must understand my existence.

In order to exist, I must eat. Then eating is a part of my existence. Then if I do not realize that the sun shines every day; which causes water to evaporate; which causes the cycle of wind and rain; which somehow causes life to exist; which causes plants to grow; which lets animals exist that don't devote all their time to the sun as plants do; which gives them the freedom to think, to create on a much broader scale than plants; the freedom to act or the freedom to extend their feelings into their actions; and the freedom of man to choose his circumstances or to be conscious of them.

The point is that man is at the end of a process and in a sense, owes his existences to the existence to a process that he (in spite of all efforts) is unable to explain. In spite of this, man goes on existing, and maintains his freedom. He can say, "I am my existence. What I do is my own volition. If I choose to die, I may do so. If I choose to make another die, I may do so. If I will to live, then my existence comes from this choice; (even though I don't know where will comes from) therefore I am the cause of my existence." Obviously an attitude of defiance, excluding and denying the possibility of one's existence, being the effect of a very previous cause that is not the effect of any previous cause; which defies the inherent logic of finite existence that with every cause there is

an effect. Whenever I throw something into the air, it falls back. If my existence is called by something else (then by the logiv of cause and effect) then it too should have a cause: and it is this that the human mind cannot fathom.

What I am arguing is that one must feel that his existence comes from the existence of another cause. Man's ability to reason obviously lends itself to the quality of existence; but existence is finite. What happens when there is the possibility that infinity is the cause of his existence. Then understanding this cause would call for a somewhat different kind of understanding that reason. But I must reason what I can understand, but my understanding no longer comes from reasoning alone. (Perhaps a sensitive awareness of what is and not just what our bodies can see, smell, touch, hear and taste is the order of the day.)

Let us consider the preceding as a concrete premise to the following conclusion. (thank you) If we draw a scale: one end being finitude, which is man's existence (there's nothing more finite than man's body with which he must successfully cope) and the other end being infinitity, the cause of man's existence. If one could imagine the difference between these two extremes, then he could comprehend and experience the in'betweenness of the two opposites. In'betweenness not being one or the other.

What I am trying to create is the immense difference between opposites and the fact that they are connected just as night and day; hot and cold; and positive and negative are connected. In any case, to overcome this distance would seem to indicate a total sum of many many experiences and the effort necessary to bring about the circumstances for the proper experiences. What I am submitting to is a long hard road to nowhere (nothing) that may turn out to be a happy one, and that one may not be able to assume and work out all his responsibilities at one time.

I'm going to conclude with the necessity of one feeling the responsiblity of meeting his needs; that one must feel exactly (if not approximately) what it takes in actual work to provide for one's existence. When this is done, two individuals can then compromise on how they intend to divide their responsibility between themselves; and when and if one is willing to sacrifice time for the other and the other for him. From this point of awareness, one can begin to determine the make up of his inner being, by which one experiences reality; the reality of his physical existence; and the reality of that from which one's existence comes.